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ON A PICTURE OF A VERY YOUNG NUN,

ON A PICTURE OF A VERY YOUNG I
READING A DOCTRINAL BOOK OPEN BEFORE HER, AND NOT
ING A CRUCIFIX BEHIND HER.
BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.
So young, too young, consign'd to cloistral shade,
Untimely wedded—wedded—yet a maid;
And hast thou left no thought, no wish behind,
No sweet employment for the wandering wind,
Who would be proud to waft a sigh from thee,
Sweeter than ought he steals in Araby!
Thou wert immured, poor Maiden, as I guess,
In the blank childhood of thy simpleness.
Too young to doubt, too pure to be ashamed,
Thou gavest to God what God had never claim'd;
And didst, unweeting, sign away thine all
Of earthly good—a guiltless Prodigal.
The large reversion of thy unborn love

The large reversion of thy unborn love Was sold to purchase an estate above. Yet, by those hands upon thy bosom prest,
I think, indeed, thou art not quite at rest.
You Christ, that hangs upon the sculptured cross,
Is not the Jesus to redeem thy loss; Nor will that book, whate'er its page contain, Convince thee that the world is false and vain Even now, there is a something at thy heart Would fain be off; but may not, dare not start. Yes, yes, thy face, those eyes, thy close lips prove, Thou wert created to be loved, and love.

A DIRGE.

Lay the weary to his rest—
Dig his chamber deep,
Pile the turf upon his breast,
Soundly let him sleep;
O'er his pillow's sunless gloom—
Vainly summer flowers shall bloom—
Vainly winter winds shall rave
O'er his quiet grave!

"We lay the weary to his rest,"
We dig his chamber deep,
The green turf on his head is press'd, Soundly he shall sleep.
The lark's high note he shall not hear,
Nor summer night-bird mourning near,
Nor howling blast, nor breaking wave,
So quiet is his grave.

Gentle spirit!—noble heart!
We dig thy chamber deep;
Thou, that didst so soon depart,
Soundly shalt thou sleep.
Soft shall sound thy lullaby—
The yew-tree boughs shall rustle by—
The willow twigs shall weeping wave,
O'er thy quiet grave. O'er thy quiet grave.

Now thy narrow home we close, .
Soundly shalt thou sleep;
We, that would with thee repose—
We must watch and weep.
Summer flowers but bloom to die, Winter blasts go sweeping by, Thou shalt never hear them rave, So quiet is thy grave.

—we forget that he is a paid advocate, and extend to his integrity that conviction which his facts and his arguments have forced us to yield to his judg-

—we forget that he is a paid advocate, and extend to his integrity that conviction which his facts and his arguments have forced us to yield to his judgment.

Nor, in dwelling on the "glorious uncertainty," must it be forgotten, that occasionally a counsel takes a view of the case totally opposed to that which his brief suggests to him. He not unfrequently dares to think for himself: if erroneously, hightful indeed is the penalty paid by those whom he represents!

Thus did I reason during the trial for murder of Reza Gray, a deeply-wronged and desperate woman, who for a short, period came under my care. She was defended, in the absence from sodden illness of his leader, by a junior counsel, who aimed at the reputation of "an immensely elever young man," with "very original views," and who "had an opinion of his own" on most points. He chose to conside her guilty, and as such treated her. She asseverated her innocence. Repeatedly, and in solemn terms, did she protest that she had no knowledge, direct or indirect, of the crime laid to her charge; but her counsel, instead of crediting her, and subjecting to severe cross-examination the deponents against her, raised this point of law and that point of law, (which the judge successively overruled,) and showed an evident reluctance to cross-examine any witness for the prosecution, apparently from a dread of eliciting facts unfavourable to the prisoner. His defence was a series of quibbles, not a thorough sifting of facts. The result was—but I am anticipating.

The case was enveloped in mystery. On a small farm, about ten miles from the county town, resided a wealthy yeoman, of the name of Aupthill. His family consisted, of his wife, a dressy, volatile person, many years younger than himself; a son by a former marriage, who assisted him in the larm; and a house-keeper, or companion. Reza Gray, a superior kind of servant, whose conduct became subsequently the subject of such a lengthened and painful inquiry. For the last seven months of his life the old yeoman health h

der."
The coroner at once issued his warrant, and she became the following morn-

The coroner at once issued his warrant, and she became the following morning the immate of a prison.

The nerve she possessed was remarkable. Rapid as had been the transition from a home of quiet and comfort to the restraint and wretchedness of a gaol, no murmurs, no tears, no womanish regrets escaped her. She affirmed—and from this statement she never varied—that she was guiltless of the crime alleged against her; and that she could explain, on her trial, easily and satisfactorily, every circumstance on which her accusers relied. Of the favourable issue of that trial she seemed certain. She was, in fact, perfectly fearless. When I ventured to tell her that her life hung on the breath of twelve men; and that it was wisdom by prayer and penitence to prepare for that final reckning, which could not be far off, and might be very near, she replied quickly, but calmly,

THE JUNIOR COUNSEL.

A toast there is in vogue at the Bar-mess, and specially favoured by the juniors, "The glorious uncertainty of the law." None who have given their attention to the proceedings of our criminal courts will deny the claim for a cardial reception which this pithy sentence possesses on those to whom it is addressed. What knowledge of human nature, what nice discrimination of character does the successful conduct of a cause involve! What a trivial incident often determines the verdict of a jury! A fact injudiciously disclosed, a line of gross-examination indiscreetly pursued, the calling up of one blundering or unwilling witness, the dispensing with the testimony of another,—each of these, in turn, has led to unmerited defeat; while, on the other hand, a touching appeal to the feelings of a jury, or a bold and dextrous descent to, and aduption of, their courser prejudices, an apt repartue, a happy retort, a humorous illustration, has crowned with undeserved trumph many a desporate case. A higher intellectual treat than that afforded by the genius of an able and practised counsel can soning, quick and subtle in the knowledge of what to present and what to withhold, carrying his audience along with him while he takes a full view of the whole bearings of a question, and the relation in which it may stand to general or special laws, lulling all suspicion, and inducing, by the common sense and or special laws, lulling all suspicion, and inducing by the common sense and practical experience he displays, a feeling of thorough security in his averments.

"She's been in troubed waters before," was her law-man's conclusion; "and

if she floats this time—it's well!"

The trial took place. Serjeant Lens held the brief for the prosecution. Those who recollect that equable, gentlemanly, and benevolent man, will readily imagine the delicacy and forbearance with which he discharged a disagreeable duty. In terms simple and well-chosen he detailed the case against the prisoner. No tone of exaggeration or of acrimony, no vehement gesture, no affected phrase-ology, no sentiment uttered for the sake of embellishment or effect, marred his manly and candid address. It was the dispassionate statement of a conscientious man.

As the trial proceeded there was a gradual disclosure of circumstances which seemed more or less to make against the prisoner. The paper of arsenie, partly used, found in her room, was produced; and the party who had had the misfortune to detect it was placed in the witness-box, and on oath compelled to state when, where, and how it was discovered. This arsenie, it was shown, Reza had purchased about a month previously, of a chemist in a neighbouring town. The dumplings which had proved so noxious had been made by herself; nor had she quitted the kitchen during the entire morning preceding the fatal meal. The contents of the barrel, whence she had taken the flour used in making the dumplings, had been examined, and pronounced perfectly good and wholesome? What, however, seemed most to impress the jury, was the appearance in the witness-box of her late master's son; pale, feeble, and emaciated, from the effects of poison; and the tale which he there, in low and trembling accents, told.

He deposed to two quarrels, on two different occasions, between his late fa-her and the prisoner; and he swore that on each occasion, Reza, who was short-tempered, naggy, and very irascible," said, "Ah! well! a day will ome, and soon, old man, when you will repent this!" This witness, whose vidence told so much against his client, Mr. Harkaway, her counsel, declined

to cross-examine!

The medical evidence was then given; and with it the case for the prosecu-

The medical evidence was then given; and with it the case for the prosecution closed.

The judge, the late humane and excellent Baron Bayley, then called upon the prisoner for her defence. She read it from a written paper. It was not lengthy, but somewhat probable; and delivered in a clear, sustained, and impressive tone. All the circumstances unfavourable to her she admitted; and one by one explained. The arsenic found in her box she declared was purchased by her late master's express direction, and with his own money, and for the purpose of being mixed with the seed-wheat; a practice common in that part of the country; and which he had adopted for years. Some of the arsenic had been so used, as her master's son well knew; and to prevent mischief she had taken the remainder out of the kttchen-drawer, and placed it under lock and key in a box in her own room.

"As to the fact," she proceeded. "of her not partaking at all on that well."

And when Baron Bayley commented, as he could scarcely avoid doing, on the enormity of the crime, our somnolent friend shook his head slowly but zealously, much in the spirit of the candidate on the Bristol hustings, who cried, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke: I say dit

"As to the fact," she proceeded, "of her not partaking at all on that well-membered day of the yeast dumplings,—on which circumstance much remark and been made—the jury, she was sure, would agree that that must go for noing when they were told that she NEVER ate them; they disagreed with her." on make this statement good, she begged the judge would again call and questomake this statement. The charge of having threatened her master she met by the statement and the processing the statement have seen and the statement. observing that he had more than once employed towards her very gross and immoral language; and that, with reference to his age, his state of health, and his apparent nearness to the grave, she had told him that a day was coming—his last day she meant—when he would repent of having used such expressions.

apparent nearness to the grave, she had told him that a day was coming—his last day she meant—when he would repent of having used such expressions.

With a solemn, forcible, and earnest asseveration of her innocence, her defence closed. To it the judge paid marked attention; and on its termination replaced young Ampthill and the widow in the witness-box. Their testimony unquestionably corroborated a considerable portion of the defence. The former admitted that it was his father's practice to mingle arsenic with his seed-wheat; and that the "recollected Reza on two occasions to have received money from her late master to purchase arsenic for that special purpose." The widow stated, reluctantly enough, that "on no previous occasion had she ever known the prisoner to cat yeast-dumpling:" she "invariably refused." The threat was then adverted to; and the step-son, on being hard pressed by the judge, admitted that his father had "very worrying ways; and was not over-nice in his language—particularly towards women!"

The summing-up was beautiful. It abounded with humanity, precision, and caution. Those who were at all conversant with Judge Bayley's character, or cognizant of his aversion to capital punishments, or aware of the reluctance with which he approached cases where the penalty was death, the share they occupied of his thoughts, and the painful and absorbing attention with which, when compelled to try capital offences, he perused each deposition previous to according the judgment-seat, were prepared for no common display of humanity and discrimination on this occasion. Nor were they disappointed. He dealt on every circumstance favourable to the prisoner. He enlarged on the absence of all motive. He drew the jury's attention to the fact of the deceased being accustomed to mix arsenic with his seed-wheat; and the probability there was of some of this wheat finding its way into the flour-barrel, and thus that this fatal occurrence might have been altogether accidental. The language used by the prisoner to her la the explanation she gave of it was natural and reasonable. He expressed surprize that no witnesses had been called to character; the more because the jury would see that the prisoner had received an education far, very far superior to that usually bestowed on persons in her rank of life. On the whole, it was clear that this was the interpretation which Judge Bayley wished the jury to adopt in evidence—piz. that Ampthill's death was accidental. The conclusion of his address was dignified and solemn. He reminded the jury of their fearful responsibilities. He warned them of the effect of their decision upon the unhappy woman now before them. It was not sufficient that the case against the prisoner was one of strong suspicion. Her life was in their hands; and before they took it away they must be satisfied that she was, with malice aforethought, wantonly and wilfully the murderess of her master, as charged in the indictment.

ment.

The jury retired to consider their verdict. Five, ten, twenty minutes elapsed; the next case was called, and a fresh jury sworn, and still the fate of Reza Gray hung in the balance. Forty minutes passed; and the awxiety of a crowded court was becoming momentarily more marked and visible, when the jury returned into court. Every eye was fixed on the foreman; who, instead of delivering the expected verdict, asked the judge for some explanation on that part of the evidence which related to the discovery of arsenic in the prisoner's box.

"You must take that fact," was his lordship's reply, "as you find it stated in the evidence. I can give you no explanation. The prisoner accounts for it by saying, that she placed it there by way of precaution. Her aim was, she asserts, to prevent mischief."

"But IN her box," said the foreman inquiringly, "arsenic was found; that

"But IN her box," said the foreman inquiringly, "arsenic was found; that

"That is in evidence; and ALSO," added the judge, with emphasis, "that the moment she found that suspicion had attached to her, she voluntarily delivered up the key of that box, and desired that it might be searched, and every article she had. The WHOLE of that portion of the evidence must be considerarticle she had. ed; not a part."

article she had. The WHOLE of that portion of the Charles and ed; not a part."

The jury retired.

It was an agricultural jury! God help the poor prisoner! Such juries, and such jurors, as I have known leave my own country parish! Jurors to whom I would not entrust the fate of a favourite dog. Obstinate, prejudiced, narrow-minded, cruel, deaf to reason, and inaccessible to remonstrance; men, as Lord John Russell aptly described them, "whose intellects are as muddy as their roads, and their wills far more obstinate than those of the brutes they drive." Such beings had their representatives in the jury-box that morning. The foreman sat with lips firmly screwed together, knitted brows, and a lowering, resolute eye, which said as plainly as lips and eyes could say, "My mind is made up: this is a hanging matter!" Once this expression varied when the judge, in his charge, dwelt on the points favourable to the prisoner. The foreman then rolled his eyes in the most extraordinary manner round the court, and fixed them finally on the ceiling. It was tantamount to "Tell that to the marines!" Within two of him was an aged, sharp-visaged man, who sat bolt upright, the very prototype of honour! He held his hands closely clasped together; and as the evidence proceeded, seemed to say, "What! poison A PARMER!!! on his own homestead, with his "missis" by his side, surrounded by his grunting pigs, and cackling hens, encircled by all that makes life dear; the kine lowing in their stalls, and the geese hissing on the green. Tear him from existence, and thus! Death by flame would be too mild a punishment."

On the same row was another agriculturist, a broad-faced, wide-mouthed, have a looking heing, who vawned at times fearfully, and seemed much inclined

and thus! Death by flame would be too mild a punishment."

On the same row was another agriculturist, a broad-faced, wide-mouthed, drowsy-looking being, who yawned at times fearfully, and seemed much inclined to snore. But he had manner! Whenever the judge spoke, he roused himself. And when Baron Bayley commented, as he could scarcely avoid doing, on the enormity of the crime, our somnolent friend shook his head slowly but zealously, much in the spirit of the candidate on the Bristol hustings, who cried, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke."

Marked and visible was the effect which the uncertainty of the jury produced upon the court. An air of deepened gravity stole over the features of the judge. It seemed as if then, and for the first time, his mind had admitted the conviction that the verdict of the jury would be unfavourable. He stopped the cause he

" GUILTY.

"Gully."

"You say she is guilty; that is your verdict, and so you say all?"

The judge slowly put on the black cap, and proceeded to pass sentence. His address was short, but impressive, and full of feeling. Nothing in the shape of reproach was to be found in it. He dwelt upon the awful features of her position; and entreated her wholly to abstract her thoughts from that world which was so soon to close upon her for ever. The wretched woman gazed wildly around her when Baron Bayley began his address, as if wholly unprepared for the verdict, and utterly unable to realize it. She grasped the dock convulsively with her hands; her face became perfectly livid; and her bosom heaved with a vehemence and rapidity frightful to witness. But as his lordship proceeded, the extraordinary nerve, which she had hitherto displayed, returned; and she listened calmly and submissively to her sentence. At its close she curtsied most respectfully to the court, and uttered in tones low, but distinctly audible in the stillness that prevailed, "I am innocent, my lord; and so it will one day appear."

A very few moments sufficed to disperse the dense assemblage collected within the county hall. Suspense had given place to certainty; and the curiosity of the idler was appeared. In squeezing through the portal, I passed into a group of counsel, who were discussing the evidence

"Was there ever," said one, "a line of defence so promising and so marred? Why not have called the deceased's widow? Where was she on the morning of old Ampthill's death? Risk there could have been none in subjecting her to a raking cross-examination!"

"The prisoner herself suggested it," remarked another. "Through her attorney she handed a slip of paper to her counsel. Its purport was, 'Call my late mistress as to my character and conduct while her servant. Cross-examine her. She cannot speak ill of me.' The genius replied, 'It is useless: the case is complete!""

"Ha! ha!—a remark worthy of 'an original thinker,"—truly descriptive of the man who has 'an opinion of his own,' on all points."

"I remember Sir Vicary Gibbs telling me," resumed the first speaker, "that he had more than once 'hnoren a prisoner hung by his own connsel!" I set it down as one of Sir Vicary's vinegar speeches, and never could man say a bitter thing with greater gusto; but to-day have I seen it exemplified. The party who has actually tied the noose round the neck of that unhappy woman is —"

"Her own counsel," said Serjeant Pell, coming up, and finishing the sentence.

PERSONS WHO HAVE A PROPENSITY FOR SET-TLING.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

In every city known to civilization, there is amongst the natives a whimsica species of Settler. A certain resemblance to them all may be seen in the lively lineaments of Mrs. Frisk, of Bayswater; and Mrs. Frisk's lineaments are

lively lineaments of Mrs. Frisk, of Bayswater; and Mrs. Frisk's lineaments are to be seen in the features of her conversation.

"So glad to see you! So kind of you to come and find us out! But who told you we had removed! Yes, I know; you heard it at Hounslow, and of course were much surprised. Why, it's true, we did take that house for a long term, and at the period of your visit there, we had not the most distant notion of ever quitting it, except for the family vault, where places for two will be kept for us until we finally settle. But our plan of furnishing and fitting up was, in consequence, of such a solid character—our alterations were so extensive and the additions to them so necessary and multifarious—that really at the end of a few months, when we found that the stone-masons and upholsters positively would not go, why we were obliged that's all. Or else, we certainly did mean at Hounslow—"

Here Mrs. Frisk's visitor informs her that it was not at Hounslow at all, but at Tooting, that he heard of their last break-up—

at Tooting, that he heard of their last break-up ——.

"Oh, at Tooting! true, very true. Yes, you would of course hear of us at Tooting. To tell you the truth, when we left Hounslow, we thought of stop-

They are continually nailing their colours to the mast, and yet they strike as regularly as a good clock,—which scarcely gives warning more often than they do, and never stops. They take a house with the long hand, and surrender it with the short hand.

with the short hand.

They cry "quarter" directly the engagement with landlord begins, and find other quarters when they have stayed with him one. Their roving propensity plays the part of overseer, and passes them from parish to parish. They may come and take legal possession of the bouse next door, the very next to your own, but you will hardly have time, unless you rise early on the following morning, to call them your fellow-parishioners. Your new neighbours are as people whisked past the end of your garden in a railway carriage. The houses apparently best suited to them are the little tenements which go upon wheels—but then these are apt to settle, in a rut.

The Frisks are not only hirds of passage, but they seem to have the privilege.

but then these are apt to settle, in a rot.

The Frisks are not only birds of passage, but they seem to have the privilege of being at two places at once—in town and country, east and west. House-agents and auctioneers are their attendant sprites, in their restless and eager dance after the domesticities. Their life is a coming-in and a going-out. Their home is the space, whatever it may happen to measure between one desirable residence for a small family and another. They never reach their promised settlement—they are always marching in the rear, with their goods in the van. The records of insolvency introduce us often enough to more vicious examples of this homelesness amidst many homes; as we read in the newspapers of wanderings more astonishing them Arab's, Jew's, or gipsy's, all performed within a couple of years or so, by one Alfred Bolt, formerly of Crutched-friars, in the city of London; then of the Mills, Derbyshire; afterwards of Dolphin-cottage, Conch-place, Rams-gate; next of No. 11, Smoke-street Birmingham; since of Jermyn-street, St. James; also of Paradise-terrace, Camden-town; likewise of No. 4 Crack-row, Brompton; afterwards of Amsterdam and Boulogne; then of the Rye-house, Leatherhead, in the county of Surrey; and since of sundry other places which it would occupy a long hour to search out in gazetteers and directories.

At each of these many and various places of abode, Mr. Alfred Bolt, when he

teers and directories.

At each of these many and various places of abode, Mr. Alfred Bolt, when he took up his residence, announced beyond all question that he intended to settle; but a destiny (so he is pleased to call it) as relentless as the restless will and fantastic love of change which characterize the Frisk family, pursues him to his new domicile, and forthwith drives him out before he has time to give legal warning, to read over one single paragraph of the laws affecting landlord and tenant, to count out a half-year's rent, or to bestow a patriotic thought upon the -collector

tax-collector.

The Frisks fly invariably by day; Mr. Alfred Bolt, generally by night. Mrs. F. (for the lady is the prime mover) is famous for discovering, the moment she is safely housed that every habitation in uninhabitable; there are too many rooms, or not enough; they are too small, or the reverse; the sleeping-apartment is not snug, or the last occupant died in it; the morning sun is upon the house, or the evening sun, or there is no sun; there are sad draughts, or else smoky chimneys; the pantry is objectionable, or the drawing-room paper is pale green; there are quantities of large ugly closets, or there is not a place in the whole house to shut a mouse in; there is a hateful wilderness of a garden, or not room enough to grow a daisy; the spot is too retired, or too much bricked up; there is nobody living within a half a mile, or there are unpleasant neighbours opposite; the place is not situate at a convenient distance, or it is—which makes it inconvenient. In fine, the only step that Mrs. Frisk, having taken her new house, can not take towards settling, is to step and settle with the land-lord. pale green; there are quantities of large ugly closets, or there is not a place in the whole house to shut a mouse in; there is a hateful wilderness of a garden, or not room enough to grow a daisy; the spot is too retired, or too much brick, as the place is not situate at a convenient distance, or it is—which makes it inconvenient. In fine, the only step that Mrs. Frisk, having taken her new house, can not take towards settling, is to step and sottle with the land lord.

Alas! for Mr. Alfred Bolt, who flies away in the dark avoiding even the dim and distant glimpses of the moon—he has no chance of seeing his landlord in his flight; and so, without coming to settlement, goes elsewhere to settle but he is again off, and then he is off again. The spur of the law now comes meaning the second will settle where you shall dine, and what you shall have—who shall turn up, what singer you shall go to hear—and whether you shall done, and what you shall have two games at billiards or four.

"I have an idea of the French play to-night," you may remark; "I think I should prefer that."

"No, no, no, no," is the decisive reply; "now don't say another word—Astley's—it's all settled. Cab!" And here, perhaps, the waiter brings in the bill, which, as Buzz is in advance, you stay behind for a minute or two to settle.

No bee ever drew sweet from the flower on which he settled, as Buzz's brain strand-still in that court, whose records have furnished us with his name and ad-

ping there a long time, perhaps for life; and so we took a place that gave us a permanent interest in the neighbourhood, and quite wished we had settled there at first, in the time of Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson, and all that; but after we had snugly seated ourselves, in a house which we had absolutely fallen in love with for its antiquity, and which we accordingly modernized in a delightful manner, beginning to feel at last what it really was to live, it turned out that we had never asked ourselves the question—'Who could live at Tooting!' And so, we came here to settle. Congratulate us on being nearly to rights!''

Do no such thing. If you congratulate Mrs. Frisk on being nearly to rights, you assuredly give her notice to quit. Settle at Bayswater! Why, she'll be Mrs. Frisk, of Bow, in a fortnight; and in six months afterwards, walking along Bond-street, you will be not much surprised on glancing up at an opposite window, to see a lively face and a beautiful white hand eagerly beckoning you to come across and knock. There, sure enough, you will perceive the evermoving yet ever-merry Mrs. Frisk, with a frank welcome for you, and a ready explanation.

dresses. That he should make his appearance there now and then in the course of his flight, he esteems to be a settled thing. When there in reality, he feels unusually confident that his affairs must be brought to a settlement, but he by no means considers himself, yet, as thoroughly and completely settled. Not until he has run through another, and yet another edition of his moving career—not until the judge has passed sentence upon him for an ingenious combination of forgeries and impetures—not until he has terminated his last tour of society and taken up his residence in the penal settlements for life, does he pass sentence upon himself and cry, "I'm settled—regularly settled!" His name, perhaps, passes into a ballad, which, for a brief space, cleaves the general ear with horidoning the penal settlements of the penal settlements of the penal settlements of the p

"He lives in Settle's numbers one day more."

But the propensity for settling is not merely exhibited in a restless life ending in the back-settlements; not simply in the expensive love of change, whose every movement creates a long bill that threatens to be a settler; it is seen perpetually in every-day life, manifested in a thorough-going and unconquerable disposition to dabble in other people's affairs, to adjust everbody's difficulties, and to manage the private business of all the world.

People who have a propensity for settling may be very amusing acquaintances while they confine their operations to their own matters, but they are rather dangerous when you allow them to interfere in yours. Yet every reader must have met with a half-a-dozen of them in his social pilgrimage, each with his free handsome offer—"My dear sir, leave all that to me, I'll settle that for you."

rowing yet ever-merry Mrs. Prisk, with a frank welcome for you, and a ready explanation.

"Why, really, just as we had sat comfortably down in Bow Villa, quite steady and secure, and as much fixtures as ever the stoves were that we had taken of the last tenant and pulled down, there came a thousand disagreeables. Not a soul had ever whispered to us that Bow lies east of Temple Bar! However, there was nothing to regret; for we thus secured a capital opportunity of setting here in permanent lodgings. Nice rooms those!"

You had better accept this invitation, and by looking around at once, quality yourself to say "Very," in reply to Mrs. Prisk; for it is a thousand chances to one if you ever have another opportunity of reporting upon the niceness of those apartments. The Prisks will, in all probability, have shot out of that first floor, before you could write: "To let, furnished," on a sheet of foolscap.

But whither will the Prisks fly! In what quarter of the town, what unpenetrated corner of the rustic world, will they next settle! In what commoding-place which they mean to secure for the quarter terminating at Michaelmas! It were impossible; and the "where" is of no moment.

All that we can be sure of is, that "in one stay" they will never continue for two quarters, their occupancy being indeed but as one go. Their oldest friend and most constant visitor never caught them twice in the same residence. Your dinner-card is despatched from one house and you dine in another. As soon as they have had a communication with the landlord, their tenancy cease. They furnish houses, as fuereals are furnished, with a view to the "last bome" monthly, however, they turn their backs the instant the ceremony of settling is performed.

They are continually nailing their colours to the mast, and yet they strike a regularly as a good clock,—which scarcely gives warning more often than they do, and a word with the long hand, and surrender it do. and never stops. They take a house with the long hand, and surrender it do. and never s

The propensity for settling, which is so sure to begin operations with such a violent determination to unsettle, is illustrated in the story of that invaluable servent, who when his master said—"John, you have not shaken that bottle of port, have you!" promptly replied, "No, sir, but I will,"—shaking it at the same instant with the utmost industry and zeal. John knew as well as possible that the wine would be quite right when it had settled.

that the wine would be quite right when it had settled.

That clever butler ought forthwith to enter the service of the celebrated Mr. Jonathan Buzz—a clever gentleman, who is as well known in the great metropolis, as a bee in his hive. Mr. Buzz is flying for ever about London, where he missts that he has for ever settled.

He this morning settled himself in my arm-chair, and merely because I ventured to ask him which of two capital mottoes I should affix to chapter eleven, volume three, of a novel I am writing, he has settled the point, that there shall be no mottoes introduced at all—the arrangement of chapters is to be given up, the historical events are to be reformed in the mould of romance, the fictitious parts of the story omitted, and the whole work turned into a tragedy. He considers its production at one of the patent theatres next season as a settled thing. That both establishments are blessings to the public and destined to prosper, he belives to be a thing settled. osper, he belives to be a thing settled.

Mr. Buzz is not married, for he never could got over a difficulty about

Mr. Buzz is not married, for he never could get over a difficulty about settlements; but he is ever most generously anxious—most alarmingly willing—to settle the preliminaries for all his ten thousand single friends and acquaintances. Whatever appears to him desirable for other people to do, Mr. Buzz immediately settles as a thing to be done.

When he finds in the same room two persons equally well-known to him, he first introduces them, and then, having taken the simple precaution to ascertain that they are of opposite sexes, unmarried, and much of an age, he settles the match. The sum of ten thousand pounds is to be settled on the lady—the carriage to be yellow with a pair of greys—the house, 76, Cork-street—six months in London, and two at the sea, annually—St. George's to be the church, and the eldest son's name to be Wilham—all this he at once settles. Buzz himself could supply many more particulars; he is at first in doubt, perhaps, whether there shall be a box at the Opera, but he afterwards settles that there shall.

shall.
You need not, provided you have the advantage of Mr. Buzz's acquaintance, take the smallest trouble to consider how you shall pass your summer. Buzz will settle whether it is better that you should go to Herne Bay or to Hastings. You may have a notion about the Lakes; but Buzz settles, upon the spot, that you are to start for Amsterdam, or to pay a visit to Vienna. You are to go to this place via that place, spend exactly five days and ten hours in such a city, and return in one particular steamer and no other—you must lodge at one especial inn, and you will have to drink certain wines that are named to you—all that is settled. is settled.

There is but one way in which you can be comfortable, and of course it hap-pens that the one way is exactly that way in which alone Buzz settles that you

with it, the more fervent is his zeal. In small matters he is abundantly authoritative ("Have Sherry, don't have Maderia—come, now, that's settled"—"Go to Putney, don't go to Fulham—come, I've settled it so"); but as the affair rises in importance the arbitrary tone deepens, and the decision is without ap-

he "has settled it in his own mind,"—Tom will be sure to marry Harriet, Sir Jonas will take poison, and Tricksy will be sent to jail,—of course!

Invite him to a dinner or a dance, and he will make out a list of the company before he goes—the Gubbinses, MacSwills, and Lady Blanch in white,—it's as good as settled. He settles in his own mind what he shall say to Dobson, if he have an opportunity; and means, if fortune favour him, to whisper a certain tender secret into the ear of Mrs. Archer.

And although not one of these, or of fifty other personages, does he meet there—although, in that room-full of strangers, there is no possibility of realizing any one of his anticipations—the failure does not prevent him from settling the relationship and the professions of scores of the unknown who surround him. He assigns one man to the stock-exchange, and another to the law,—at a single look. The fat lady and her thin companion are aunt and niece, but the four young ladies in book-muslin, who are all so wonderfully like one another, are not related at all. The person in a blue coat and gilt buttons is brother to the second husband of the lively dame who hangs on his arm; and her sister in peach-colour is to marry the man in the purple stock.

Never loose time or temper in an endeavour to convince him that there is a slight chance of his being mistaken in one or two particulars—for it will be fruitless. You might as well attempt to reason Foreight out of the back-settlements; or to prevent Mr. Buzz from settling all your little arrangements. You might as well attempt to reason Foreight out of his own identity, as to preach the bare possibility of error to him. He knows how it will all be! he has settled the thing in his mind! When he discovers, if he ever should, that he was ridiculously wrong in every conviction, he complains that all his associations are unsettled, and he proceeds to weave another web of guesses, destined to a similar end, elsewhere.

me complains that all his associations are unsettled, and he proceeds to weave another web of guesses, destined to a similar end, elsewhere.

He settles, in the morning, that the conversazione at night will be brilliantly attended by numbers of the scientific, and he finds nobody there but Professors Jabber and Mumble; while he is extremely reluctant to go to another party, because he had settled that it would be monstrously dull—yet he has the bitter mortification of finding himself wonderfully edified and delighted, when he gets there.

When the trip to Richmond was planned, last week, he settled that himself and the other seven were to dine at the Star, ramble in the Park, row up to Twickenham, and return to Westminster by eight; but he did not calculate that the steamer which ran them down would prove such a settler—that the last that the steamer which ran them down would prove such a settler—that the steamer which ran them down would prove such a settler—that the last that the steamer which ran them down would prove such a settler—that the steamer which ran them down would prove such a settler—that the last factors it cannot fail to aid in curing him of his leading habit—that of settling everything with too much confidence beforehand.

NAPOLEON AND The shock has threatened to unsettle poor Foresight's wits; but spared these, it cannot fail to aid in curing him of his leading habit—that of settling everything with too much confidence beforehand.

NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA.

Napoleoéon et Marie Louise, Souvenirs Historiques de M. le Baron Meneval.
ancien Secrétaire du portefeuille de Napoléon, &c. (Historical Recollections of Napoleon and Maria Lousia). 2 vols. Paris. 1843.
This is an addition to the number of memoirs of the Emperor of France, by individuals in his service attached to his person, from which the future biographer and historian will draw materials: for the life of that extraordinary man is yet to be written. The work of Sir Walter Scott, admirable in parts, is, as a

the task.

The author tells us that he wrote these memoirs in compliance with the wish of the emperor himself. Napoleon, he says, in his last moments at St. Helena among other recommendations left to his executors, expressed his desire that certain persons, of whom M. Meneval was one, should undertake to give his son just ideas on facts and circumstances of great interest to him. The circumstances most interesting to the young prince must naturelly have been the union between his parents, and their ultimate separation; and these (as is shown by its title) ptoperly form the subject of M. Menevals's book. It contains a good deal of new information respecting the princess, who even in her imperial days, came little before the public, and since her separation from Napoleon, has been wholly lost sight of by the world. except as the occasional subject of vague rumours and calumnies, from which M. Meneval vindicates side, very contained to the contain

an excellent musician, and was accomplished in drawing and painting. One circumstance in this mode of education is worth noticing:

"The most minute precautions were taken to preserve the young Archduchesses from impressions which might affect their purity of mind. The intenwith it, the more fervent is his zeal. In small matters he is abundantly authoritative (" Have Sherry, don't pot to Fulham—come, I've settled it so'); but as the affair rises in importance the arbitrary tone depens, and the decision is without appeal.

He is resolved to settle everything concerning you, except your accounts. He settles whether you are to fight out your lawauit to the end; or whether it is to be settledly arbitration. On whom you are to settle your estate, is a point he professes to settle. He settles the terms of your will, and possibly he might settle your family if you were to appoint him executor.

Another class of persons amongst whom the proposity to settle is strongly developed, though in a manner widely different, is very fairly represented by a descendant of the ancient Foresights, whose acquaintance we have the happiness to possess. Foresight, like all his fellow-dreamers of a sanguine temperament, settles everything, firmly and irrevocably as Mede and Persan law, by anticipation. He does not pretend to the adjustment of matters by practical meddling and interference—he never affects the personal management of a fairs not his own—he merely "settles everything, firmly and irrevocably as Mede and Persan law, by anticipation. He does not pretend to the adjustment of matters by practical meddling and interference—he never affects the personal management of a fairs not his own—he merely "settles everything, firmly and irrevocably as Mede and Persan law, by anticipation. He does not pretend to the adjustment of matters by practical meddling and interference—he never affects the personal management of a fairs not his own—he merely "settles everything, the proceed matter of the project of marriage, and the cut is a signly and the project of marriage, and the cut is a signly and the project of the project of the project of the works, the expunged passages, robgous, and fricks will be sent to jail,—of course!

Show him to a dinner or a dance, and he will make the play—he "knows how it will be."

M. Meneval gives full details of the marriage, and all its ceremonies and fes-rities, dull as such things always are. He describes, after the following fash-

M. Meneval gives full details of the marriage, and all its ceremonies and restivities, dull as such things always are. He describes, after the following fashion, the person of the bride:

"Maria Louisa was in all the brilliancy of youth; her figure was of perfect symmetry; her complexion was heightened by the exercise of her journey and by timidity; a profusion of beautiful chestnut hair surrounded a round, fresh countenance, over which her mild eyes diffused a charming expression; her lips, somewhat thick, belonged to the features of the Austrian royal family, as a slight convexity of nose distinguishes the Bourbons; her whole person had an air of ingenuousness and innocence, and a plumpness, which she did not preserve after her accouchment, indicated the goodness of her health."

Among the emperor's rich presents, and attentions to his young consort.

ed her with great respect, and a dignity not inconsistent with polished familiarity.

"The emperor wished her to learn to ride on horseback. Her first lessons were taken in the riding-school at St. Cloud. He walked by her side holding her by the hand, while the groom held the bridle of her horse; he thus calmed her fears and encouraged her. When her skill did honour to her teacher, the lessons were continued in a private alley of the park. The emperor, when he had a moment's leisure after breakfast, ordered the horses, mounted himself in his silk stockings and shoes, and cantered by the empress's side. He urged her horse and made him gallop, laughing heartily at her cries, but taking care that there should be no danger, by having servants stationed all along the path, ready to stop the horse and prevent a fall.

"Meanwhile the king of Rome grew in strength and beauty under the watch-

"Meanwhile the king of Rome grew in strength and beauty under the watchful eye of Madame de Montesquiou, who loved him as her own child. He was carried every morning to his mother, who kept him till it was time to dress. During the day, in the intervals between her lessons in music and drawing, she went to see him in his anattment, and, sat by him at her needlework. Some pher and historian will draw materials: for the life of that extraordinary man is yet to be written. The work of Sir Walter Scott, admirable in parts, is, as a whole, a crude compilation, swelled hastily to its enormous bulk to meet finance whole, a crude compilation, swelled hastily to its enormous bulk to meet finance in difficulties. He gave himself notime to weigh conflicting authorities, with the load of which his own biographer describes him oppressed and overwhelmed; and the result was a production of the most unequal kind, in which we find clear and animated narrative, graphic description, depth of thought, and eloquence of language, blended with loose and prolix composition, trivial details treated at disproportioned length, and apocryphal stories told as if they were ascertained facts. It may be remarked that among all the memoirs and tails treated at disproportioned length, and apocryphal stories told as if they were ascertained facts. It may be remarked that among all the memoirs and tails treated at disproportioned length, while England has produced several. Apparently the French are better aware than the English, of the difficulties of the emperor himself. Napoleon, he says, in his last moments at St. Helena among other recommendations left to his executors, expressed his desire that is the emperor himself. Napoleon, he says, in his last moments at St. Helena among other recommendations left to his executors, expressed his desire that his son just ideas on facts and circumstances of great interest to him. The work of the child, she toked him the murse, that the emperor hastened to sake Maria Louisa to bring in the child herself, but she seemed so much afraid of her own awkwardness in taking him from the nurse, that the emperor hastened to take him from her nurse, that the emperor hastened to take him from her nurse, that the emperor hastened to take him from her nurse, that the emperor hastened to ack him the child, she toke her have seemed so much afraid of her own awkwardness in taking him from

the union between his parents, and their ultimate separation; and these (as is shown by its title) properly form the subject of M. Menevals's book. It constains a good deal of new information respecting the princess, who even in her imperial days, came little before the public, and since her separation from Napoleon, has been wholly lost sight of by the world, except as the occasional subject of vague rumours and calumnies, from which M. Meneval vindicates her.

The Archduchess Maria Louisa was the eldest daughter of the late Emperor, Francis the Second, and Maria Theresa of Naples. She was educated in the usual manner of the royal family of Austria. Brought up under the eye of their parents till their marriage, the Archduchesses live in complete retirement, at a distance from court, and with no society but that of their ladies and attendants, whom they are accustomed to treat with great kindness and familiarity. Maria Louisa's education was carefully attended to. She spoke several languages, and had even learned Latin, a living language in Hungary. She was

written from Rheims on the 16th of March, 1814, is striking:

"Conformably to the verbal instructions which I have given you, and to the spirit of all my letters, you are not to permit that in any case the Empress and the King of Rome shall fall into the hands of the enemy. I am going to maneuvre in such a way that you may possibly be several days without hearing from me. Should the enemy advance on Paris in such force as to render resistance impossible, take measures for the departure, in the direction of the Loire, of the Empress-regent, my son, the grand dignitaries, the ministers, the great officers of the crown, and the treasure. Do not quit my son, and remember that I would rather know that he was in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The lot of Astyanax, prisoner among the Greeks, has always appeared to me the saddest in history."

Joseph and the archehancellor laid this letter before the empress, making at the same time some remarks on the bad effects which might ensue from this abandonment of Paris, but leaving the decision to her, and refusing to incur the responsibility of counselling her to act in opposition to the emperor's order. On this she declared, that though, as the emperor had said, she as well as her son should fall into the Seine, she would not hesitate a moment to depart: the desire he had so distinctly expressed being a sacred order for her. The order was obeyed, and on the 29th of March, Maria Louisa and her son left Paris for ever.

"When it was time to set out, the young King of Rome refused to leave his

Joseph and the archehancellor laid this letter before the empress, making the same time some remarks on the bad effects which might ensure from the abandoment of Paris, but leaving the decision to ber, and refusing to inear the abandoment of Paris, but leaving the decision to ber, and refusing to inear the abandoment of Paris, but leaving the decision to ber, and refusing to inear the responsibility of conneeling her to act in opposition to the emperor's order. On this she declared, that though, as the emperor had said, she as well as her son should fall into the Seines, she would not hesitate a moment to depart; the desire he had so distinctly expressed being a sacred order for her. The order was obeyed, and on the 29th of March, Maria Louisa and her son left Paris for ever "When it was time to set out, the young King of Rome refused to leave his spartment. It seemed as if a fatal presentment had gifted him with the second sight. "Don't go to Ramboullet," he cried to his mother, "it is an ugly house—let us stay here." He struggled in the arms of M. de Canusy, the gentlemans where who carried him, repeating again and again, "I will not leave his partment. It seemed as if a fatal presentment had gifted him with the second with the second of the control of the carriages defiled slowly, and as if in expectation of a countermand, by the wicket of the Pont Royal. Sixty or eight people gazed in silence on this control of the carriage of the control of the empire. Their feelings did not betray themselves by any manifestation not a voice was mised to express sorrow for this cruel separation. Had any one been inspired to cut the traces of the horses, the empress would have remained. She passed the gate of the Tulicines, with tears in her eyes and despair in her soul. Wh

more to behold."

When Napoleon, fallen from his high estate and no longer emperor of France had become Emperor of Elba, and had gone to take possession of that second Barataria, his consort with his son, was sent to Vienna; and it henceforward became her father's policy to detach her thoughts and feelings from her husband, and to break the ties which united her to France. He knew her character, doubtless, and succeeded as easily as he could have expected. She was separated as much as possible from her French friends and attendants, induced to adopt her old habits and occupations, and amused with journeys and parties of pleasure. But whatever she did, and wherever she went, she was carefully watched, and precaution was taken to obliterate French reminiscences and asof pleasure. But whatever she did, and wherever she went, she was carefully watched, and precaution was taken to obliterate French reminiscences and associations. In a visit to the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, an Austrian general introduced himself into her society; and a division of troops under his command was stationed in the neighbourhood. This officer, General Neipperg, was an emissary of Metternich, and, according to M. Meneval was a perfect serpent in matters of seduction. When Austrian minister at Stockholm in 1812, he was no stranger to the concoction of the treaty of Orebro, whereby Bernadotte took THE ATTACHE, OR SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.

The trivial control of the treaty of Orebro, whereby Bernadotte took up arms against the sovereign to whom he owed his raise in the world, and agreed to deliver him up to his enemies. If this be true, it argues consummate duplicity on the part of the Austrian cabinet, at a moment when Austria was still in alliance with Napoleon, and when Austrian troops were catually co-operating with his own. From Stockholm Neipperg was sent to Naples, where his arts and persuasions seduced the unfortunate Murat into that coaltion with the dispersate enterprise which cost him his life. The successful tempter was then directed to turn his battery against Prince Eugene, but that chivalrous soldier was proof against his wiles.

This personage, according to our author, was employed by Metternich to work the desired change in the thoughts and feelings of Maria Louisa,

"He was then a little turned of forty, of middle stature, but of a distinguish-pearance. A broad black bandeau concealed the loss of an eye; his look was keen and animated; his polished and elegant manners, insinuating language, and pleasing accomplishments, created a prepossession in his favour. He was then complained the confidence and good graces of a good and easy-tempered young woman, driven from her adopted country, withdrawn from the devotion of the Ferench who had adhered to her evil fortunes, and trembling at the further calamities which might still be in store for her."

Neipperg accompanied her in the remainder of her tour, and returned with her very proper accompanied her in the remainder of her tour, and returned with her very population. The personal propers accomplishments, created a prepossession in his favour. He speedily got into the confidence and good graces of a good and easy-tempered young woman, driven from her adopted country, withdrawn from the devotion of the few French who had adhered to her evil fortunes, and trembling at the further calamities which might still be in store for her."

Neipperg accompa

then offered him the morsel in earnest, but the boy obstinately refused it. As the emperor looked surprised, Madame de Montesquiou said, that the child did that like to be deceived; he had pride, she said, and feeling. Pride and feeling? Napoleon repeated, 'that is well—that is what I like.' And, delighted find these qualities in his son, he found kissed him.'

M. Meneval's subsequent narrative contains other traits of Napoleon's domente life. The empress, it appears, was mild and good-natured, placid and yielding in her temper, with little strength either of intellect or of passions. Her made seems at all times to have taken the tone of surrounding circumstances with the utmost case and quickness. We have seen how readily her fear and harred of Napoleon were changed into a predisposition, at least, to affection, before she had ever seen him. Settled in Prance, she almost instantly acquired, her family she was often obliged to have recourse to French expressions, because she had forgotten the equivalent words in her mother-tougure. At a have family she was often obliged to have recourse to French expressions, because she had forgotten the equivalent words in her mother-tougure. At a harry principle, which her mind took the hoe of her altered fortunes, but another illustration of this channeleon-like quality, which she possessed m so remarkable degree.

When Napoleon, after his disseters in Russia, commenced the terrible struggle which ended in his ruin in 1814, he invested the Empress with the character of regent. During this period her affection for her husband and zeal in the case with which her mind took the hoe of her altered fortunes, but another the ease with which her mind took the hoe of her altered fortunes, but another the ease with which her mind took the hoe of her altered fortunes, but another the ease with which her mind took the hoe of her altered fortunes, but another the ease with which her mind took the hoe of her altered fortunes, but another the ease with which her mind took the hoe of her a

The history of this ill-fated youth is brief, like his life. In 1818, he received the title of Duke of Reichstadt, with rank immediately after the princes of the Austrian imperial family. He was much beloved by the old emperor his grandfather; and his mother, who had been put in possession of the Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, provided liberally for his maintenance and educa-

died in her childhood.

"The fact of this union," says M. Meneval, "being established, I shall not examine whether a regular act had intervened to legitimize the birth of the children, or whether the union of Maria Louisa with Count Neipperg preceded the death of Napoleon. In Italy, where sins are so easily compounded for, the sanctification of an union is the simplest thing in the world. Two persons who wish to marry declare their intention before a priest; he confesses them, gives them absolution, says mass, and marries them; and the whole passes without the intervention of witnesses. There is every reason to believe, however, that the Emperor was dead, when Maria Louisa contracted this second marriage. At Vienna, as well as Parma, she always declared her firm determination never to seek a divorce, or listen to any such proposition.

At Vienna, as well as Parma, she always declared her firm determination never to seek a divorce, or listen to any such proposition.

Malignity has gratified itself in spreading injurious reports as to the pretended irregularities of Maria Louisa's private life. I believe that they have no foundation. The moderation of her character, and her unimpassioned nature, must have preserved her from excess of any kind.

ing-school short metre. The critter don't say a word, even as 'by your leave'; but jist goes and takes his post, and don't ask the name of the vessel, or pass the time o' day with the captain. That ain't in the bill, it tante paid for that; if it was, he'd off cap, touch the deck three times with his forehead ENGLISH BEAUTY.

leave'; but jist goes and takes his post, and don't ask the name of the vessel, or pass the time o' day with the captain. That ain't in the bill, it 'ante paid for that; if it was, he'd off cap, touch the deck three times with his forchead and 'slam' like a Turk to his honour the skipper.

"There's plenty of civility here in England if you pay for it; you can buy as much in five minits as will make you sick for a week: but if you don't pay for it, you not only won't get it, but you get sarce instead of it, that is, if you are fool enough to stand and have it rubbed in. They are as cold a Presbyterian charity, and mean enough to put the sun in cclipse, are the English They hante set up the brazen image here to worship, but they've got a gold one, and that they do adore and no mistake; its all pay, pay, pay; parquisite, parquisite; extortion, extortion, extortion. There is a whole pack of yelpin' devils to your heels here, for everlastinly a cringm', fawning,' and coaxin', or snarlin', grumblin', or bullyin' you out of your money. There's the boatman, and tide-waiter, and porter, and custom er, and truck-man, as soon as you land; and the sarvarnt-man, and chamber-gall, and boos; and porter. again at the ism. And then on the road, there is trunk-lifter, and coachman, and guard, and beggar-man, and a critter that opens the coach-door, that they calle a waterman, cause he is infarnal dirty, and never sees water. They are jist like a snarl o' snakes, their name is legion and there ain't no eend to 'em.

"The only thing you get for nothin' here is rain and smoke, the rumatiz, and scorny airs. If you could buy an Englishman at what he was worth and sell him at his own-valiation, he would realize as much as a nigger, and would be worth tradin' in, that's a lact; but as it is, he ain' worth nothin,' there is no market for such critters, no one would buy him at no price. A Scotchman is wus, for he is prouder and meaner. Pat ain't no better nother: he ain't proud, cause he has a hole in his breeches and another in his elbo

one dive told our Minister not to introduce me as an Attaché no more but as Mr. Nobody, from the State of Nothin', in America; that's natur agin."

THE NEW SPY SYSTEM IN ENGLAND.

"There was a Kurnel Dun—Dun—plague take his name, I can't recollect it; but it makes no odds—I know he is Dun for though, that's a fact. Well, he was a British kurnel, that was out to Halifax when I was there. I know'd him by sight; I didn't know him by talk, for I didn't fill then the dignified situation I now do, of Attache. I was only a clockmaker then; and I suppose he wouldn't have dirtied the tip eend of his white glove with me then, any more than I would sile mine with him now,—and very expensive and troublesome things them white gloves be too, there is no keepin' of them clean: for my part, I don't see why a man can't make his own skin as clean as a kid's, any time; and if a feller can't be let shake hands with a gall except he has a glove on, why ain't he made to cover his lips, and kiss thro' kid skin too?

"But to get back to the kurnel, and it's a pity he hadn't had a glove over his mouth, that's a fact. Weil, he went home to England with his regiment; and one night when he was dinin' among some first chop men, nobles and so

began to talk somethin' or another he hadn't ought to; somethin' he didn't know himself, and somethin' he didn't mean, and didn't remember.

"Faith, next mornin' he was booked; and the first thing he see'd when he waked was another man a tryin' on of his shoes, to see how they'd fit to march to the head of his regiment with. Fact, I assure you, and a fact too that shows what Englishmen has come to: I despise 'em, I hate 'em, I scorn such critters as I do oncircumcised niggers."

"What a strange perversion of facts!" I replied.

"What a strange perversion of facts!" I replied.

"Well, then, there was another feller got bagged t'other day, as innocent as could be, for givin' his opinion when folks was a talkin' about matters and things in general, and this here one in partikilar. I can't tell the words, for I don't know 'em, nor care about 'em; and if I did, I couldn't carry 'em about of the interval of the improvement of their dissomning the errors of the Romish church, so far back as the binth century.

Their extraordinary and repeated sufferings and persecutions have rendered their virtues and their heroism well known. They endured thirty-three different wars, yet maintained their position in their valleys, the inheritance of their forefathers, till formally expelled by Victor Amadeus of Savoy, in 1686. With the wondrous tale of the horrors of their captivity, of their intervalves, as tory of such true love and didelity, of such strong affection and unworldly piety, such astonishing strength and pitiable weakness in woman, as seemed to demand a woman's heart intended their position in their valleys, the inheritance of their forefathers, till formally expelled by Victor Amadeus of Savoy, in 1686.

With the wondrous tale of the horrors of their captivity, of their intervalves, as in deed, but a man's hand, to write.

Just prior to the time mentioned, Henri Arnaud, whose name, as pastor and cheif, every biographer has delighted to honour, was the guardian of a pure

things in general, and this here one in partikilar. I can't tell the words, for I don't know 'em, nor care about 'em; and if I did, I couldn't carry 'em about so long; but it was for saying' it hadn't ought to have been taken notice of considerin' it jist popt out permiscuous like the bottle-cork. If he hadn't a had the clear grit in him, and shoud teeth and claws, they'd a nullified him so you would'n have seed'd a grease-spot of him no more. What do you call that liberty! Do you call that old English! Do you call in pretty, say now! Thank God, it tante Yankee.

"What makes this spy system to England wuss, is that these eaves-droppers are obliged to hear all that's said, or lose what commission they hold; at least so folks tell me! I recollect when I was there last, for it's some years since Government first sot up the spy system; there was a great feed given to a Mr. Robe, or Robie, or some such a name, an out-and-out Tory. Well, sunthin' or another was said overtheir cups, that might as well been let alone, I do match the said of the tongue but to talk! Oh, cuss 'em, I have no patience with them. Well, there was an officer of a marchin' regiment there, who it seems ought to have took down the words and sent 'em up to the head of interesting that had note; some one else did the dirty work for him: but you can't have a substitute for this, you must sarve in person; so the old Gineral have a bubstitute for this, you must sarve in person; so the old Gineral have him right up for it.

"Why the plague didn't you make a fuss!" sais the Gineral, 'why didn't you get right up, and break up the party 1".

"I didn't hear it,' sais he.

leave', but jist goes and takes his post, and don't ask the name of the vessel, or pass the time o' day with the captain. That ain't in the bill, it sante poid for that; if it was, he'd off cap, touch the deck three times with his forchead and * sam't his e Turk to his honour the skipper.

"There's plenty of civility here in England if you pay for it; you can buy as much in five amints as will make you said for a week is but if you don't pay for it; you not only won't get it, but you get sarce instead of it, that is, if you but only not only won't get it, but you get sarce instead of it, that is, if you retain chargit, and ineas enough to pet the Turk year as cold a Presby one, and that they do addres and no messake; it sail pay, pay, pay, parquisite, parquisite; extortion, extorti

THE ESCAPE OF THE VAUDOIS.*

Not unworthly associated with that noble sonner of Milton's, "On the Massacre in Piecmont," prefixed to the work, is the tale here written by an unknown hand; and as, according to the Vaudois morto, Lux lucet in tenebris, so will the fair and bright reputation, which the story thus told deserves so well to win, shine out of the obscurity in which its accomplished but nameless author is involved. These are called first endeavours; they are more than promising—they are successful. That the work is by a woman's hand, we detect abundant indications; and thus we may speedily look to see another honourable name added to a most rightfully honoured and brilliant list.

And most worthy to be thus illustrated is the history of that remarkable resolve the Vandays; a records who extern the weather, with an apwavering

on, why sin't he made to cover his lips, and kiss thro' kid skin too?

"But to get back to the kurnel, and it's a pity he hadn't had a glove over his mouth, that's a fact. Weil, he went home to England with his regiment; and one night when he was dinin' among some first chop men, nobles and so on, they sot up considerable late over their claret: and poor thin cold stuff it is too, is claret. A man may get drowned in it, but how the plague he can get drunk with it is dark to me. It's like every thing else French, it has no substance in it; it's nothin' but red ink, that s a fact. Well, how it was I don't know, but so it eventuated, that about daylight he was mops and brooms, and began to talk somethin' be didn't know himself, and somethin' he didn't know himself, and somethin' he didn't mean, and didn't remember.

"Faith, next mornin' he was booked; and the first thing he see'd when he wasked was another man a tryin' on of his shoot."

of the court was around and within her, and to escape the Carholic convent, she took the hand of the Catholic lord. She was Marchioness di Pianezza.

she took the hand of the Catholic lord. She was Marchioness di Pianezza.

In the meantime, the pastor she had left, the lover she had parted from for ever, were engaged in the most perilous and awful duties enjoined them by religion and patriotism. Oppressive orders from Savoy had been disobeyed throughout the valleys, and all were commanded to leave their homes within three days, to wander defenceless to a strange land, or be expelled at the point of the sword. Weak as they were, they resolved to raise the war-cry—and who was its great encourager?—the young and delicate but all powerful inspirer of the Vaudois, Marie, the daughter of Henri Arnaud, the almost sister of that converted Amina, for whom the noble heart of Durand yet be at with the most fervent passion; while for him, in a hushed and solemn secrecy, with a depth only equalled by the delicacy of its devotion, the bruised heart of Marie ached ceaselessly, and burned as though the springs of life itself were drying up within her bosom.

drying up within her bosom.

Driven from their homes, it was Marie who kindled in them courage to encounter the untried perils of the Alpine path, and to go to Switzerland. She led them, famished and frozen, to Geneva, and in irresistible accents of piety and patriotism—of filial love and Christian daring—she addressed the Syndics.

Truth and eloquence like hers melted the hearts of the Swiss, and her father's miserable flock were shelred. But others their founds, were shelred. miserable flock were sheltered. But others, their friends, were yet more miserable,—captives, under the most frightful privations and afflictions, in the dungeons of La Tour. Could Marie, by the sacrifice of her life, a thousand times over, relieve them? A noble Swiss, Ernest Count de Grafenried, became passionately enamoured of her; and to secure a path to her affections, he undertook to plead in their behalf. He gave her hopes, and asked for love;—but her look, her few words, doomed him to blank despair. What a same did his insulvation words awaken in her heart, when he since the first secure of heart when he since the same did his insulvation words.

love;—but her look, her few words, doomed him to blank despair. What a pang did his inadvertent words awaken in her heart, when he, ignorant of her secret, said—"Could you but know the agony of unrequited love!" That agony indeed was hers.

Ernest promoted her cause, and Marie and her father obtained audiences of Victor of Savoy. The Prince, a compound character, full of interest (and drawn with remarkable powers of discrimination in this work), was strangely wrought upon by Marie, to whom—his rank being unknown to her—he presented a ring, which, in any hour of emergency, would secure assistance. The captives were released. But the French King interposed; the good intentions of Victor became as air; even the friendly Swiss were wrought upon by power; and once more the remnant must wander.

Time elepsed, dangers and persecution pursued them. Ernest, led by hope-

Time elspsed, dangers and persecution pursued them. Ernest, led by hopeless love and a noble nature, had followed the fortunes of the Vaudois, and was daily by the side of Marie,—her heart all the time was wandering with Durand, their gallant leader, himself a prey to cureless sorrow, in the remembrance of the convert, Anima. At length, believing the object of her secret passion to be slain, Marie promised to become the wife of Ernest, when they should arrive wife over they should arrive wife over they should. hould arrive—if ever they should !—in the valley of Angrogna. It was well or him that he died—better for both.

he Vaudois, performing miracles of valour, had advanced through unheard-The Vaudois, performing miracles of valour, had advanced through unheardof difficulties, steadily undismayed by the armies both of France and Savoy,
when a great force was sent against them, under the command of Pianezza,
the haughty husband of the now miserable Anima. The Marquis carried her
with him to his castle at Del Tor. There the Vaudois, now strong in their
successes, meditated a surprise; and Durand, restored and triumphant, trembled for the safety, the life of Anima, which he might not be able to save. He
confided to the racked and desolate breast of Marie herself the story of his sufferings and his love; and for his sake, afflicted in soul as she was, by the story
of his passion for another, she offered to bear a missive to the mistress of Del
Tor, warning her of her danger. his passion for another, she of r, warning her of her danger.

Heedless of every risk, she went forth secretly and in disguise. From a princely banquet given by the Marquis to his officers, the lady had passed to her own spartment, and in the dusk of evening was ruminating upon the wretched present and the well-remembered past, murmuring, "He has never loved me—never loved me as Durand did!" when a rustling was heard amidst the ivy round the casement, and a slight figure, in disguising drapery, sprang into the room. A sharp scream from Anima—and then the recognition of the true, the innocent, the beloved, but deserted Marie!—"Marie! Marie Arnaud!"

But there was barely time for a few hurried ejaculations, ere—just as Marie's hand was extending the packet in which Durand had traced some hasty lines, which were alike to save or to endanger two lives so, dear—the tramp of many which were alike to save or to endanger two lives so, dear—the tramp of many feet was heard in the adjoining saloon, and the jealous husband rushed, with his frieuds, into the presence of his Vaudois bride. The scream, the visitor, the fatal paper, which he instantly conceived to be associated with his own disgrace and his wife's perfidy, inflamed him to fury. Fearful violence ensued, but Marie's courage succeeded in burning the paper; and as Anima dropped upon the floor, her preserver was burne to the deepest dungeon of the castle By the early beams of the morning sun, the Marquis and his force set out upon their expedition against the Vaudois, while Marie was conveyed a close pri soner, to Turin—as a spy from the Vaudois, detected in the private apartments of the chateau—one, of whom might be made a strong example, to strike ter ror into the hearts of her people.

And when afterwards they prevailed upon her to wear a brilliant tricket of her mother's, a diamond cross, symbol of the sufferiegs of a Saviour adored by Catholic and Protestant, she felt, as the golden chain was clasped upon her neck, that they were rivetting round her the fetters of the church of Rome.

Other influences were tried; and a saitor, young, handsome, noble, wooed her in impassioned addresses. She remembered, however, trat his father had been the great persecutor of her beloved Vaudois, and for a time she was tirm; but the seeds of vanity and ambition had been sown in her mind, the contagion of the court was around and within her and to except the Catholic convent.

An hour's terrible suspense and anguish ensued; and then as she stood beside the horrid wheel, and was told that the Dake himself had arrived, she beheld, through the mist which was before her eyes, even in the royal person who sat there in all his fearful power over life and death, the ac ual friend whom she had only counted on as a mediator. Ere she felt prostrate, she felt

whom she had only counted on as a mediator. Ere she led plast statishe was saved.

Victor, whose best feelings were but ill regulated, and who, to many generous qualities, added a thousand faults, had saved Marie only to persecute her with the outpourings of a frantic passion with which she had inspired him. At the former interview the seeds were doubtless sown, and the conquest which her beauty might have commenced, her greatness of soil and innate nobility had completed. He appealed to her gratitude, which she gave devotedly—he asked for love, and she said she was ready to die.

When he appealed ber irreverently, her eye and voice assumed a sovereign

When he approached her irreverently, her eye and voice assumed a sovereign command, and Victor shrunk back awed by her supernatural calminess. He sued to her as the humblest subject sues. He promised to her father, to her countrymen, a deed, granting to them possession of their peaceful valleys, the free exercise of their religion. He left her to ruminate, to decide.

Meanwhile came Anima, the widowed Anima, into Victor's presen husband had been slain; and she the admired and the worshipped of catholic courts, came to shippe her adopted faith, and to profess berself again a Vaudois in heart and in name. By Victor's leave, she repaired to Marie's arms and was forgiven—forgiven all. Up to this moment, Marie, perhaps, had never felt that she was hopelessly, eternally, separated from Durand—now, indeed she was.

she was.

And then again came Victor. His wavering and irresolute nature had wrought itself up to a great resolve. He came to offer her no disgrace, no dubious situation, but an honourable though private marriage. A deep blush of shame crimsoned the pure forehead of Marie.

"A secret marriage! a borrowed name! this to me, my liege!"

Her appeal to him as a parent, as a prince, was addressed to every better feeling of his heart, every higher principle of his character; and as the Duke listened, admiration and respect stifled every other emotion. An affecting conference ensued—Marié was to return to her home, and her happy countrymen—and when she added that she went to confer happiness on two devoted

conference ensued—Mane was to return to her home, and her happy countrymen—and when she added that she went to confer happiness on two devoted
hear s destined for each other from infancy, what wonder if she glanced mysteriously at the sacrifice to which her own crushed hopes testified. "My
liege, inquire no further into feelings uone have a right to penetrate; and learn
from me that the test of perfect love is, that it centres all its happiness in that
of its object, and to promote that delights in self-renunciation!" And so left
she the Duke affected alike with wonder and regret.

Henri Arnaud lived to witness the announcement of peace on the vert of

Henri Arnaud lived to witness the announcement of peace on the part of Savoy, when his great spirit took its flight heavenward. The colour mounted in Marie's cheek, and her voice trembled with emotion as she joined in the Vaudois vow, "Faith to Savoy, long life to Victor Amadens!" but a different feeling was in her heart when, by her father's grave, she called Anima Walter's

Marie, however, was yet to be summoned from her pensive condition into ac-Marie, however, was yet to be summoned from her pensive condition into action. It was some years after, that the success of the French and the disasters of his troops drove Duke Victor into the valleys for safety—a fugitive, alone, with a price set upon his head. It was Marie who concealed him—concealed him even from Anima, her husband and children. Beneath a store of half-dried flax, in a dark loft in the roof, the monarch lay hidden for days. We here turn in a dark loft in the roof, the monarch lay hidden for days.

"Suddenly there was a confusion below, a noise which pierced even to his retreat, the clash of arms, and a woman's shrick. The Duke thought of Marie, and he burned to fly to her rescue; but he remembered his son, his darling son, whose inheritance depended on his safety, and with effort, he remained still.

"He could not doubt that they were his pursuers who had so rudely entered the dwelling, and who swore with horrid exectations to search every hole and corner of the valleys till they should find their prey. He heard them visit every nook, shake every door, and, at length could discern their tramp on the very staircase which led to his place of concealment; but his surprise, his horvery staircase which led to his place of concealment; out his surprise, his norror, was indescribable at hearing Maria's voice telling the way to the loft, and
volunteering to be their guide. A thrill of mortification ran through his heart,
and paralysed every nerve. This, then, thought he, is human nature: that
she, the being in whose virtue he had so implicitly confided, whose character he
so warmly admired, could not withstand temptation, but was about to betray
him, defenceless, into the enemy's power. Was existence worth having in him, defenceless, into the enemy's power. Was existence worth having in such a faithless world? The thought passed rapidly through his mind, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling, he was about to rush forward, careless of discovery, to spring on the foremost who should enter, and dearly sell the life he would not that a woman should deliver up; but he perceived that Marie herself drew near, and laying a strong hand upon his shoulder, detained him in his require.

his position. "'See,' said she, 'our store of flax; search, and satisfy yourselves that

"She raised pile after pile with a quiet composure, calculated to banish suspicion, interposing her person so desterously between the Duke and the soldiers, that not a glimpae of him could be obtained; then, turning to the other side, invited them to prosecute the search; seating herself, incantime, on the recumbent body of Victor with undaunted coolness.

soner, to Turin—as a spy from the vaucous, seemed, to strike ter of the chateau—one, of whom might be made a strong example, to strike ter or into the hearts of her people.

She was carried before the council, and arraigned of high treason and rebellion against her lawful severeign, the Duke of Savoy, of professing heretical opinions, and of concealing important information. What could she feel but her innocence of the evil design imputed to her! What could she feel but that all those dearest to her, they and their holy cause, must inevitably be lost, if the contents of that paper, in which Durand had informed Anima of all their plans of operation, should be forced from her lips.

Every form of command to extort confession having been tried in vain—poor Marie thought she had but to dia to keep her serret—the rack was shewn to her. An ashen hue stole over her beautiful countenance, a convulsive shudder shook her frame—but not a word escaped, and her whole heart and soul were wrapped in prayer for help to endere. In a make near the awful engine of torture and death, appeared a beautifully-cared ivory representation of the last agonies of the crucifixion.

"Strange contrast? the image of that wondrons act of love in a spot where all around breathed the tokens of such opposite passions in those for whom that all serving the contrast. The image of that wondrons act of love in a spot where all around breathed the tokens of such opposite passions in those for whom that holy sacrifice was consummated?"

And gazed abroad with smiling eyes,
On hill and dale, and flowers and skice.
'Twas midnight on the distant sea;
Its wild waves, fetterless and free,
No longer lashed the sounding shore:
For all their raging strife was o'er,
And gentle as a little child,
The tiny ripples rocked and smiled.
I stood beside this placid stream,
Till all seemed fading to a dream;
The skies, the flowers, the forest trees,
(That rustled to the sighing breeze)
All mingling in a vision fair,
Were painted on the midnight air!
I slept, and then, I did not sleep:
I wept, and then, I ceased to weep;
Yet quicker came my heavy sighs,
And brighter grew my earnest eyes—
For lo! from o'er the streamlet clear,
A gush of music soothed mine ear;
And he, who ever lightly sings,
The Spirit with the rapid wings,
Bathed in the glorious hues of even,
And glistening with the gems of heaven;
He, whom all hearts with rapture greet,
Alighted gently at my feet;
And kneeling there and murmuring soft. He, whom all hearts with rapture greet, Alighted gently at my feet; And kneeling there and murmuring soft, Two lovely flowers he held aloft;— "Come choose," said he, "a flower divine, And it shall be forever thine! Oh wherefore smile, and wherefore weep! Fear not!—the blue-eyed maid 's asleep!" One flower was like the driven snow; The other had a rosy glow, And gave a mingled fragrance sweet, Like roses that with lilies meet. Oh, give, I cried, this flower to me! "Hush! hush! said Love, I pity thee, So choose again, the flowers are bright, But oh, beware! and choose aright." I took the flower of snowy hue, I took the flower of snowy hue, All heavy with the sparkling dew, And held it to my beating heart; All heavy with the sparkling dew,
And held it to my beating heart;
A perfume like an Angel's sigh,
Burst from the flower and went on high.—
"Thou'st chosen well!" said Love, to me
"This rosy flower is Flattery!
The name of that thou hast is—Truth,
And may it ever grace thy youth."
Love rose, and hastily glancing round,
He threw the red flower on the ground;
And with a burst of singing free,
Flew gaily o'er the moonlit sea.
Sehold!—the breaking beams of day,
Did chase my lovely dream away;

Victor was aved, to sit, in after years, a powerful monarch on the throne of Sardinis. When the moment of deliverance came—

"With principl dignity he received Durand's homage, gracefully recognised.

"With principl dignity he received Durand's homage, gracefully recognised where Marie lay, and leaning over her, whisperd, 'My deliverer, my frend, is it thus you suffer for me! Oh, Mare! 'any, can I do nothing to reward to the couch label to surpose, that is it thus you suffer for me! Oh, Mare! 'any, can I do nothing to revard your generous care—your noble self-searchee!"

"He bent closer to her, and added, 'Will you not now return with me to have the companies of the principle of the companies of the companies of the principle of the companies of the companies of the principle of the companies of the companies of the principle of the companies o with in plants. The next was the muscular tissue, commonly known by the name of flesh; and the third was the nervous. There were certain organs of the body which were composed wholly of the modifications of cellular tissue; with in plants. The next was the muscular tissue, commonly known by the name of flesh; and the third was the mereous. There were certain organs of the body which were composed wholly of the modifications of cellular tissue; but they found, that in animals, in order to endow tissues with vitality, and to enable them to perform their functions, they must have a supply of nerves; whence, then, the distinction between those textures as occurring in animals. And what did this do in reference to functions? Every texture in an animal body was endowed with common irritability; a principle inseparable from life, but in animals it was always associated with a degree of sensibility; in plants, however, this kind of irritability was unassociated with sensibility; for plants had no nerves. This, then, it was necessary for them (the audience) to understand as a primary point in the laws of functions. Cellular tissue was met with in all the organs of the body; as a universally pervading texture; there was no part without more or less of it. If a wound were made in the skin, they could, by means of a blowpipe, inflate the entire body, or the cellular tissue, by means of that artificial aperture. Bone was cellular tissue, in combination with earthy matter; cartilage, or gristle, was a modification of the same tissue; all the membraneous textures were compressed cellular tissue; and all the secreting and non-secreting organs of the body were composed of an analogous structure. But, in reference to muscular fibre, it was found associated with certain organs only, which were endowed, by its presence, with a new property, namely, special irritability; a property of muscular fibre only, and characterised by the possession of certain laws. To prove the presence of muscular fibre in an organ, all we have to do is to take an instrument and prick it, when it will be seen to contract under our observation. There was contraction, a power of active contractility, which no other texture of the body enjoyed. But in this experiment they were Sehold!—the breaking beams of day,
Did chase my lovely dream away;
Yet blooming by the streamlet's tide,
And blushing round on every side,
The emblematic flowers I see;
And now these same I offer thee.
If thou wilt take a flower from me!
Choose quickly, ere it be too late;
And on thy choice depends thy—fate!

THE PHENOMENA OF LIFE AND DEATH.

Mr. Turner delivered the sixth of the interesting series of lectures on the over subject, at the Royal Institution, on Saturday evening, the 27th ult. beare a numerous auditory. In the last lecture, he said, they had entered on oranization—a subject necessary to be considered before they spoke of the functions of life. It was, of course, necessary to do this, in order that they might anderstand the structures concerned in the production of the phenomena of life. They presumed at that time to enter, as it were the workshop of nature, to as ertain how the various elements were put together, so far as human scrutiny

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culation of the blood, had an opportunity in his lifetime of putting this question to the test. A young nobleman, of the name of Montgomery, met with an accident by which there were torn away, or subsequently came away, considerable portions of the ribs and parts covering the left side of the chest. This individual would be restored. Another law of irritability is, that the action of every stimulus was in the inverse ratio of the frequency of its application. Now, to understand this law was a matter of the greatest possible importance. It was a law with which they were acquainted in common life; it was a law so important to the physician and the surgeon, that no man could practise successfully without a full knowledge of it. In reference to common life, what illustrations could be adduce? He could instance the use of stimulants. An individual, for example, began with taking a glass of wine, headache and giddiness. Take another glass, on the following day, and percould introduce his hand. After expressing his surprise, as they might suppose he would, at the effort which nature had made at reparation, and that life could be sustained with all this exposure of the contents of the chest. Harvey took the heart in his hand, and put his finger on the pulse to ascertain whether contained the blood, that an appointment in the believes of printing the queeness. We produced the place that there were turn any accordance to a printing the queeness of the printing produced the place of the printing produced the printing p

The August 19, 200 a miletricum.

Adjust 20, 200 a miletricum.

Ad fall off the perch, if there was not a substitution of a physical for a muscular power. How was this accomplished? He had told them, first of all, that there must be the means of clenching the perch. Nature gave it by the peculiar arrangement of the tendons of the muscles which bend the claws. The bird went upon its perch, threw all its limbs into a state of flexion by the pressure of its body; and the result was, that the tendons became tense, and closed the claws which clenched the perch. Then, to maintain its centre of gravity, the bird put its head under its wings.—[Mr. Turner illustrated these points by means of a drawing.]—There were some birds so instinctively gifted with the notion of maintaining this centre of gravity, that they perched upon one leg; and there were others which, in order to accomplish the same object, held a stone in the foot not resting on the perch.—The lecturer concluded by observing, that the next lecture would comprehend subjects connected with the laws of vital functions,—as special sensibility, instinct, intelligence, special irritability manifested in connection with volition, muscular motion, and other phenomena of the nervous system.

JACK STUART'S BET ON THE DERBY. AND HOW HE PAID HIS LOSSES.

Cotherstope came in amid great applause, and was the winner of the poorest Derby ever known. While acclamation shook the spheres, and the corners of mouths were pulled down, and betting-books mechanically pulled out—while success made some people so benevolent that they did not be-

egins to tire?"

"Oh, she never tires; don't be the least afraid of that!"

"It's the very thing I wish; but there's a hill coming."

"She likes the hills; and at the other side, when we begin to descend, you'll ee her pace. I'm very proud of the mare's speed."

"It seems better than her temper; but about the novel?" I inquired.

"I shall publish in a fortnight," answered Jack.

"A whole novel? Three volumes?"

"Six, if you like—or a dozen. I'm not at all particular."

"But on what subject?"

"Why, what a simpleton you must be! There is but one subject for a no-

"But on what subject?"

"Why, what a simpleton you must be! There is but one subject for a novel—historical, philosophical, fashionable, antaquarian, or whatever it calls itself. The whole story, after all, is about a young man and a young woman—he all that is noble, and she all that is good. Every circulating library consists of nothing whatever but Love and Glory—and that shall be the name of my novel." my novel."
"But if you don't write it, how are you to publish it?"

"Do you think any living man or any living women."
"Certainly."
"Stuff, my dear fellow; they never did anything of the kind. They pubsh—that's all. Is that a heap of stones?"

Cut her right, ear. There, we're

poor"Well, that's better than a gravel pit. Cut her right ear. There, we're past it. Amazing bottom, hasn't she?"
"Too much," I said; "but go on with your novel."
"Well, my plan is simply this—but make a bet, will you? I give odds. I

And yet not written by any one

"And yet not written by any one!"

"Exactly—bet, will you!"

"Done," I said; "and now explain."

"I will, if we get round this corner; but it is very sharp. Bravo, mare! and now we've a mile of level Macadam. I go to a circulating library and order home forty novels any novels that are sleeping on the shelf. That is a hundred and twenty volumes—or perhaps, making allowance for the five-volume tales of former days, a hundred and fifty volumes altogether. From each of these novels I select one chapter and a half, that makes sixty chapters, which, at twenty chapters to each volume, makes a very good-sized novel."

"But there will be no connection."

"But there will be no connection."
"Not much," replied Jack, "but an amazing degree of variety."
"But the names?"

"Must all be altered—the only trouble I take. There must be a countess and two daughters: let them be the Countess of Lorrington and the Ladies Alice and Matilda—a hero, Lord Berville, originally Mr. Lawleigh—and everything else in the same manner. All castles are to be Lorrington Castle—all the villains are to be Sir Stratford Manvers'—all the flirts Lady Emily Trecothicks'—and all the benevolent Christians, recluses, uncles, guardians, and be nefactors—Mr. Percy Wyndford, the younger son of an earl's younger son very rich, and getting on for sixty five."

"But nobody will print such wholesale plagiarisms."

"Won't they? See what Colburn publishes, and Bently, and all of them. Why, they're all made up things—extracts from old newspapers, or histories of processions or lord mayors' shows. What's that coming down the

ative.

Jack's room is rather dark, and the weather, on the day of the Oaks, was rather dingy. We had the shutters closed at half-past seven, and sat down to dinner; soused salmon, perigord pie iced champagne, and mareschine. Some almonds and raisins, hard biscuit, and a bottle of cool claret, made their appearance when the cloth was removed, and Jack began—"I don't believe there was ever such a jumper as the grey mare since the siege of Troy, when the horse got over the wall."

"Is she hurt!"

"Lord bless you." said Jack, "she's dead. When she got over the hedge

"Is she hurt?"

"Lord bless you," said Jack, "she's dead. When she got over the hedge she grew too proud of herself, and personal vanity was the run of her. She took a tremendous spiked gate, and caught it with her hind legs; the spikes kept her fast, the gate swung open, and the poor mare was so disgusted that she broke her heart. She was worth two hundred guineas; so that the Derby this year has cost me a fortune. The stanhope is all to atoms, and the farmer claims compensation for the gate. Its a very lucky thing I thought of the book."

"Oh you still go on with with the recent?"

"Oh, you still go on with with the novel?"
"It's done, man, finished—perfect."
"All written out?"

"Not a word of it. That isn't the way the people write books now; no, clipped out half of it with a pair of scissors, and the other half is all marked encil.

"But the authors will find you out."

"Not a bit of it. No author reads anybody's writings but his own; or if they do, I'll deny it—that's all; and the public will only think the poor fellow prodigiously vain, to believe that any one would quote his book. And, besides, here are the reviews."

"And does—uses hit. Issues."

"And does—uses hit. Issues."

"He never honored me with his confidence," replied the Countess, "but a suppose he does—Sir Stratford, indeed, told me so—and he ought to know, for he is his confident."

"He keeps the secret well," said Lady Alice with a slight tone of bitter—"He keeps the secret well," said Lady Alice with a slight tone of bitter—"

bet you five to one in fives, that I pruduce, in a week from this time, a novel called 'Love and Glory,' not of my own composition or anybody else's half a page from Wilson's 'Wordsworth,' and a good lump from Jeffrey's 'Waiter Scott.'

assure you. I sha'n't sell it under five hundred pounds."

"Do you give your name!"

assure you. I sha'n't sell it under five hundred pounds."

"Do you give your name!"

"Certainly not—unless I were a lord No. I think I shall pass for a woman: a young girl, perhaps; daughter of a bishop; or the divorced wife of a member of parliament."

"I should like to hear some of your work. I am interested."

"I know you are. We have a bet, you know; but I have found out a strange thing in correcting my novel—that you can make a whole story out of any five chapters."

any five chapters.

any five chapters."

"No, no. You're quizzing."

"Not I. I tell you, out of five chapters, of any five novels, you make a very good short tale; and the old thing is, it doesn't the least matter which chapters you choose. With a very little sagacity, the reader sees the whole; and, let me tell you, the great fault of story-writing is telling too much, and leaving too little for the reader to supply to himself. Recollect what I told you about altering the names of all the characters, and, with that single proviso, read chapter fifteen of the first volume of this—"

Jack handed me a volume, turned down at the two hundredth page, and I read what he told me to call the first chapter of "Love and Glory."

THE WILDERNESS.

"A tangled thicket is a holy place
For contemplation, lifting to the stars
Its passionate eyes, and breathing paradise
Within a sanct:fied solemnity."—Old Play.

"Dut notwoy will print such wholesale plagrarisms."

"Won't they? See what Colborn publishes, and Bondy, and all of them. Why, they're all made up things—extracts from oid newspapers, or histories of processions or lord mayors' shows. What's that coming down the mind the first of the state of the continue of the state of the sta

Oh, what? what have you told him?''
That he is accepted. I trust I shall hear no more on the subject. The

"That he is accepted. I trust I shall he marriage will take place in two months."
"But I don't love him, mamma—indeed."
"I am glad to hear it," said the mother, core ters are too well brought up to love any on "I am glad to hear it," said the mother, coldly. "I rejoice that my daughters are too well brought up to love any one—that is—of course—till they are engaged; during that short interval, it is right enough—in moderation; though, even then, it is much more comfortable to continue perfectly indifferent. Persons of feeling are always vulgar, and only fit for clergymen's wives."

"But Sir Stratford, mamma"-

"But Sir Stratford, mamma"—

"Has twenty thousand a-year, and is in very good society. He almost lives with the Rosleys. The Duke has been trying to get him for his son-in-law for a whole year."

"And Lady Mary so beautiful, too?"

"I believe, my dear, Lady Mary's affections, as they are called, are en

gaged."
"Indeed?" inquired the daughter, for curiosity in such subjects exists even

"Indeed?" inquired the Gaughter, for Californy in the midst of one's own distresses.

"May I ask who has gained Lady Mary's heart?"

"I believe it is that young Mr. Lawleigh, a cousin of the Duchess—old Lord Berville's nephew; you've seen him here—a quiet, reserved young man. I saw nothing in him, and I understand he is very poor."

"And does—does Mr. Lawleigh—like—love—Lady Mary?" inquired Alice with difficulty."

ness; "and Mr. Lawleigh could scarcely be obliged to him if he knew the use he makes of his confidence—and Lady Mary still less"—she added.

"Why, if girls will be such fools as to think they have hearts, and then throw them away, they must make up their minds to be laughed at. Lady Mary is throwing herself away—her tnamerato is still a: Rosley House."

It was lucky the Countess did not perceive the state of surprise with which her communication was received.

ation was received

dy Alice again piaced her cheek upon her hand, and sank into a deeper

Lady Alice again placed her cheek upon her hand, and sank into a deeper reverie than ever.

"Sir Stratford also is at Rosley, and it he rides over this evening, I have given orders for him to be admitted. You will conduct vourself as I wish Come, Matilda, let us leave your sister to her happy thoughts."

Her happy thoughts! the Lady Alice was not one of those indifferent being panegyrised by the Countess; she had given her whole heart to Henry Lawleigh—and now to hear that he loved another! She gazed along the magnificent park, and longed for the solitude and silence of the wilderness beyond. There, anywhere but in that sickening room, where the communication had been made to her, she would breethe freer. She virapt her mantilla over her head, and walked down the flight of steps into the park. Deeply immersed in her own sad contemplation, she pursued her way under the avenue trees, and, opening the wicket gate, found herself on the little urrace of the wood—the terrace so lonely, so quiet—where she had listened, where she had smiled. And now to know that he was false! She sat down on the bench at the foot of the oak, and covered her face with her hands, and wept.

A low voice was at her ear. "Alice!"

She looked up, and saw bending over her, with eyes full of admiration and her down of the oak and covered her face with her hands, and wept.

A low voice was at her ear. "Alice!"

She looked up, and saw bending over her, with eyes full of admiration and her down of the oak, and covered her face with her hands, and wept.

A low voice was at her ear. "Alice!"

She looked up, and saw bending over her, with eyes full of admiration and the follow, didn't you see that the first part was from a novel why, you stopid fellow, didn't you see that the first part was from a novel why, you stopid fellow, didn't you see that the first part was from a novel why, you stopid fellow, didn't you see that the first part was from a novel why, you stopid fellow, didn't you see that the first part was from a novel why, you stopid fellow

A low voice was at her ear. "Alice!"

She looked up, and saw bending over her, with eyes full of admiration and surprise, Harry Lawleigh. Gradually as she looked, his features assumed a different expression, his voice also altered "stone."

"You are weeping, Lady Alice," he said—"I scarcely expected to find you in so melancholy a mood, after the joyous intelligence I heard to day."

"Joyous!" repeated Alice, without seeming to comprehend the meaning of the word. "What intelligence do you allude to?"

"Intelligence which I only shared with the whole party at Rosley Castle. There was no secret of the happy event."

"I really can't understand you. What is it you mean? who communicated the news?"

"The fortunate victor announced his conquest himself. Sir Stratford received the congratulations of every one from the duke down to-to-my-

"Few can appreciate the value of the latter quality so well as yourself—your congratulations on the other subject are as uncalled for as your taunts—I must return home." She rose to depart, and her face and figure had resumed all the grace and dignity which had formerly characterized her

"Twould have been better, perhaps, for him if we had led him somewhere this, then—thou hast lied." Thou mean'st ht? said Sir Stratford, and drew back a step or two.

"I do—art thou man enough to cross points on that provocation?"

"Oh, on far less, as thou well knowest, in the way of accommodating a young gentleman anxious to essay a feat of arms. Thou hast said the word, and we fight—but let me ask to what particular achievement of mine thou hast attached so ugiy an epithet? I would fain know to what I am indebted for your good opinion so gallantly expressed."

"Twould have been better, perhaps, for him if we had led him somewhere they can be the folks together."

"Because he fancies he has cause of hatred to me—but he never had," answered the girl.

"And the gentleman had pistols, too," said the man. "You had better hide them, or your father will maybe use them against the owner."

"I did not move them from the gentleman's breast: We must wake him, and hurry him off before my father's return—but, bark! I hear his whistle.

Oh, George, what shall we do?"

"I will but name two names - and between them thou wilt find how das

tardly thy conduct has been."

"Make it three—'twere pity to balk the Graces of their numbers; add the young lady who so lately left thee. The forester's fair daughter deserves a niche as well as a duke's daughter."

"The names I mention," said Lawleigh, "are Lady Alice Lorrington, and

Lady Mary Rosley."
"Sir Stratford lifted his cap. "Fair ladies," he said, "I greet you well; that I have sunned me in the bright blue eyes of one, and dark lustrous glances

"Why, you stupid fellow, didn't you see that the first part was from a novel of the present day, and the other from a story of the rebellion—who the deuce do you think talks of thees and thous except the Quakers?"

[I didn't notice it I confers."

I didn't notice it, I confess.

"Glad to hear it; nobody clse will; and in the next chapter, which is the seventeenth of the second volume of this romance, you will see how closely the story fits. Recollect to change the names as I have marked them in pencil, and go on.

CHAPTER II. "Hope springs eternal in the human mind, I would be cruel only to be kind; Tis distance lends enchantment to the view, Survey mankind from Indus to Peru; How long by sinners shall thy courts be trod?

Survey mankind from Indus to Peru;

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you," said Lady Alice—"my mother, but a few ininues ago, conveyed to me the purport of Sir Stratford's visit."

She paused and sighed.

"And you replied?" inquired Lawleigh.

"I gave no reply. I was never consulted on the subject. I know not in what words my mother conveyed her answer."

"The words are of no great importance," said Lawleigh; "The fact seems sufficiently clear; and as I gave Sir Stratford my congratulations on his happiness, I must now offer them to you, on the brightness of your prospects, and the shortness of your memory."

"The words are of more and as I gave Sir Stratford my congratulations on his happiness, I must now offer them to you, on the brightness of your prospects, and the shortness of your memory." that keep watch over the destinies of the slumbering earth, which booms round in ceaseless revolution, grand, mystic, sublime, but yearns in the dim vastness of its sunless course, for the bright morning hour which shall again invest it with a radiance fresh from heaven! Darkness, and night, and silence! and suddenly rushing down, on whirlwind wings, the storm burst fearfully upon their domain—wind and rain, and the hollow sound of the swaying branches! And Lawleigh pressed onward. His horse, which for several miles had shown symptoms of fatigue, now yielded to the difficulties it could no longer encounter; and, after a few heavy struggles, fell forward, and did not attempt to use. Thirteen hours had elapsed from the time the chase on that day commenced, and unless for a short minute, he had seen nothing of the fugitive. Yet he had dashed onward, feeling occasionally his holsters, and satisfied that his pistols were in serviceable condition. He was now nearly as much exhausted as his horse; but determining to yield to no obstruction, he seized the pistols, "If you desire it, be it so—but before we part, it is right you should know all. Whatever answer my mother may have given to Sir Stratford Manvers, to that answer I am no party. I do not love him: and shall never marry him. Your congratulations, therefore, to both of us were premature, and I trust the same description will not apply to those I now offer to Mr. Lawleigh and Lady Mary Rosley."
"To me! to Lady Mary? what does this mean?"
"It means that your confidential friend, Sir Stratford, has betrayed your secret—that I know your duplicity, and admire the art, with which you conceal your unfaithfulness by an attempt to cast the blame of it on me."
"As I live—Alice! Alice! hear me," cried Lawleigh, stepping after therefered a step like a roebuck—a form like a Venn."
"Ha! fairly caught, by Jupiter! whither away?" said Sir Stratford as tep like a roebuck—a form like a Venn."
"Unband me, villain, or incovered your unlain, or incovered your willain, or incovere "Ha! fairly caught, by Jupiter! whither away!" said Sir Stratford Manyers. "Thou'st sprung fair game i' the forest, 'faith—I watched her retreat—"Unband me, villain, or in an instant my sword shall drink the blood of thy owardly heart."

"Fair words! thou'st been studying the rantipoles of Will Shakspeare, Hall What is't man! Is thy bile at boiling heat because I have lit upon the billing and cooping with the forester's fair, nece—poh! man—there be brighter eyes than hers, however bright they be."

"Now, then, we have met," said Lawleigh, in a voice of condensed passion—"met where none shall hear us—met where none shall see us—met where none shall part us—Ha! dost thou look on me without a blush—the man one shall part us—Ha! dost thou look on me without a blush—the man is no time nor place for imitations of Ben Jonson's Bobadi. Zounds! man, you'll startle all the game with your roaring—and wherefore is all the dis urbance?"

"What could I do!" said a voice in a deprecating tone.

"Leave him to die, to be sure," was the rough-toned answer. "I thought to bring him in."

"What could I do!" said a voice in a deprecating tone.

"Leave him to die, to be sure," was the rough-toned answer. "I thought the had hed enough of gentlefolks, without bringing another fair feathered to have a powerful effect on the first speaker.

"After the years of grief I've suffered, you might have spared your taunt, this, then—thou hast lied."

"A Thou mean'et a ?" said Sir Stratford, and drew back a step or two.

"I do—art thou man enough to cross points on that provocation?"

"A Thou mean'et a ?" said Sir Stratford, and drew back a step or two.

"On roughly heart."

"A and the gentleman had pistols, too." said the man, "You had better

Lawleigh, who lost not a syllable of the conversation, imperceptibly moved his hand to his breast, and grasped the pistol. The man and the girl, in the meantime, went to the door, and in a minute or two returned with a third party—an old man dressed like a gamekeeper, and carrying a short, stout fowling-piece in his hand. His eyes were wild and cruel, and his haggard features were the impress of years of dissipation and reckleseness. "Does he carry a purse, George?" said the new comer, in a lower whisper, as he looked toward the bed.

"Don't know—never looked," said George. Where here yet here the death of a felon is what you deserve, and you shall have none of the still retained her hold on the old man's arm, who, however, no longer struggled to get it free.

"What! you turned against me!" he said, looking ferociously at the beautiful imploring face of his daughter. "You, to revenge whom I did it all! Do you know what I did! I watched your silken wooer till I saw him in the presence of this youth—I killed Sir Stratford Manvers"—

"And shall die for your crime," cried Berville; "but the death of a felon is what you deserve, and you shall have none of the converted to get it free.

"What! you turned against me!" he said, looking ferociously at the beautiful imploring face of his daughter. "You, to revenge whom I did it all! Do you know what I did! I watched your silken wooer till I saw him in the pre-

weck?

The tone in which he spoke was at variance with the words; and it is likely that his face belied the expression he attributed to it; for his daughter, looking

at him for the first time, exclaimed—
"Oh, father, what has happened? I never saw you look so wild."
"Lots has happened, Janet—sich a lot o' deaths I've been in at, to be sure —all great folks, too; none of your paltry little fellows of poachers or game-keepers, but real quality. What do you think of a lord, my girl?"

"I know nothing about them, father."

"I know nothing about them, father."

"You used, though, when you lived at the big house. Well, I was a-passing, two nights since, rather in a hurry, for I was a little pressed for time, near the house of that old fellow that keeps his game as close as if he were a Turk, and they was his wives—old Berville—Lord Berville, you remember, as got Bill Hunker's transported for making love to a hen pheasant. Well, thinks I, I'll just make bold to ask if there's any more of them in his lordship's covers, when, bing, bang, goes a great bell at the eastle, and all the village folks goes up to see what it was. I went with them, and there we seed all the servants a rummaging and scrummaging through the whole house, as if they was the French; and, as I seed them all making free with snuff-boxes and spoons, and such like, I thought I'd be neighborly, and just carried off this gold watch as a keepsake of my old friend."

"Oh, father! what will his lordship do!"

a keepsake of my old friend."

"Oh, father! what will his lordship do!"

"He'll rot, Janet, without thinking either about me or his watch; for he's dead. He was found in his bed that very morning, when he was going to sign away all the estate from his nephew. So that it's lucky for that ere covy that the old boy slipt when he did. People were sent off in all directions to find him; for it seems the old jackdaw and the young jackdaw wasn't on good terms, and sobody knows where he's gone to." terms, and nobody knows where he's gone to

"They would have known at Rosley Castle," said the girl, but checked her-

self. when her father burst out-

done it. "Who?

Who have done it ?"

"She and I," said the ruffian, and nodded toward the fowling-piece, which he had laid upon the table; "and now we're safe, I think; so give me some breakfast, girl, and ask no more foolish questions. You, George, get ready to see if the snares have caught us anything, and I'll go to bed in the loft. I'll seek to this seriously when I get we'll.

*Done what, father?" said the girl, laying her hand on the old man's arm.

"For mercy's sake tell me what it is you have done—your looks frighten

me."
"Why, lodged a slug in the breast of a golden pheasant, that's all—a favorite bird of yours—but be off and get me breakfast."

"For mercy season me."

"Why, lodged a slog in the breast of a golden pheasant, that's all—a favorite bind of yours—but be off and get me breakfast."

While waiting for his meal, he sat in an arm-chair, with his eyes fixed on the bed where Lawleigh, or, as we must now call him. Lord Berville, lay apparently asleep. What the rufflain's thoughts were we cannot say, but those of his involuntary guest were strange enough. His uncle dead, and the fortune not alienated, as, with the exception of a very mall portion, he had always understood his prodecessor had already done—his life at this moment in jeopardy; for a cursory glance at the tall figure of the marauder, as he had neatered, had sufficed to show that the object of his search was before himmand too well he knew the unscropulous willany of the man to doubt for a moment what his conduct would be if he found his pursuer in his power. If he could slip from the bed unobserved, and master the weapon on the table, he might effect his escape, and even secure the murderer; for he made light of him; and, with the determination to use his pistolon the first demonstration of him; and, with the determination to use his pistolon the first demonstration of him; and, with the determination to use his pistolon the first demonstration of him; and, with the determination to use his pistolon the first demonstration of him; and, with the determination to use his pistolon the first demonstration of him; and, with the determination to use his pistolon the first demonstration of him; and, with the determination to use his pistolon the first demonstration of him; and, with the determination to use his pistolon the first demonstration of him; and, with the determination to use his pistolon the first demonstration of him; and, with the determination to use his pistolon the first demonstration of him; and him the determination to use his pistolon the first demonstration of him; and him the determination to use his pistolon the first demonstration of him; and him the determination to us

The girl's looks must have conveyed an inquiry; he answered them with a shake of his head toward the bed. "I may have business to settle with him," he said, in a hoarse whisper; and the girl pursued her task in silence. The old man, after cautioning her not to touch the gun, turned to the dark press at one end of the room, and in about half a minute had filled his pipe with to-bacco, and re seated himself in the chair. But Janet had seized the opportunity of his back being turned, and poured the hot water from the teaport into the touch-hole, and was again busy in arranging the cups and saucers.

"Where's George?" inquired the father; "but poh, he's a chicken-hearted fellow, and would be of no use in case of a row" — So saying, he went on with his breakfast.

"He's awake!" he said suddenly. "I seed his eye."

"Oh no, father! he's too weak to open his eyes—indeed he is."

"I seed his eye, I tell ye; and more than that, I've seed the eye afore.

"Ha! am I betrayed!"

"He autumnal hue, the sear and yellow leaf," as an immortal bard expresses it, in language which the present writer does not imitate, and could not, without great difficulty, excel, was an

IMMENSE DAIRY FARM.

fit for the accommodation of

THIRTY MILK COWS.

of a peculiar breed, highly approved of by the

RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF SPENCER.

In other portions of the landscape rose statues, which might have raised the envy of

PRAXITELES, THE GRECIAN SCULPTOR,

or attracted the love of the beautiful "Maid of Prance," who "sighed her soul away" in presence of

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE,

Ha! am I betrayed!"

He started up and seized the fowling piece. His step resounded across the floor, and Berville threw down the clothes in a moment, and sprang to his

"Too fair to worship, the started up and seized the fowling piece. His step resounded across the floor, and Berville threw down the clothes in a moment, and sprang to his

"You here!" cried the ruffian, and levelled the gun, drew the trigger, and recoiled in blank dismay when he missed fire, and saw the athletic figure of Berville distended to its full size with rage, and a pistol pointed with deadly aim within a yard of his heart. He raised the but-end of his gun; but his daughter, rushing forward, clung to his arm.

The drawing-room of the mansion was of the amplest size, and contained some of the finest specimens of the taste and workmanship of JACKSON AND GRAHAM, enumerating Or-molu tables—escritoires—rose wood chairs richly inlaid—richly colored

Fire not-but fly !" she cried to Berville. "Others are within call, and

see, Goorge?" said the new comer, in a lower whisper, as he looked to red the bed.

"And shall die for your crime," cried Berville; "but the death of a felon is what you deserve, and you shall have none other at my hands. In the meanime, as I think you are no fit companion for the young woman to whom I am indebted for my life. I shall offer her the protection of my mother, and take her from your nouse. If you consent to let us go in peace, I spare your life for the present; and will even for three days abstain from setting the emissaries of the law in search of you. After that, I will hunt you to the death. Young woman, do you accept my terms? If you refuse, your father dies before your face."

"Shall I accept, father."

"Shall I scrept, father!"
"If you stay, I lodge a bullet in your brain," said the old-savage, and drew himself up."

"Come, then," said Berville, leading Janet to the door. She turned round ere she quitted the cottage, but met a glance of such anger and threatening, that she burried forward with Berville, who pursued his way rapidly through

and a deviish clever man, too! Confess now, that if you didn't know the trick of it, you would have thought it a splendid original work! But perhaps your throat's dry wish so much reading? Here's another bottle of Lafitte; and we can miss over a volume and a half of foreign scenes, which you can imagine; for they are to be found in every one of the forty novels I sent for. Just imagine that the Countess takes her daughter abroad—that Berville encounters them in the Colosseum by moonlight—quarrels—doubts—suspicions—and a reconciliation; finally they all come home, and you will find the last chapter of the last volume in this." the last volum e in this.

Jack handed me a volume, evidently popular among circulating library stu-dents, for it was very dirty; and I was just going to commence when Jack interrapted me.

Stay," he said; " you must have a motto. Do you know Italian ?"

"Not a word."

"Or Spanish, or German ?"

"No."

"No."

"No."

"No."

"No."

"Well, you surely can recollect some Greek—for next to manuscript quotacies out of your head? If you name that cursed house to me again you die. But, ha! ha! you may name it now," he added, with a wild laugh. "We've done it."

"We've done it."

"What Greek do you remember! for, 'pon my honor, I've forgotten all mine."

"My dear Jack, I only know a line here and there."
"Out with them. Put them all in a row, and never mind the meaning." Out with them. Put them all in a row, and no Thus urged, I indited the following head-piece:-

"Deine de clange genet argurioio bioio, Be d'akcion para thina poluphlosboio thalasses, Thelo legein Atreidas, thelo de Cadmon, adein, Ton d'apomeibomenos prosephè podas-ocus Achilleus." Homes, Iliad, 1. 1.

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE,

"Too fair to worship, too divine to love."

The drawing-room of the mansion was of the amplest size, and contained some of the finest specimens of the taste and workmanship of JACKSON AND GRAHAM,

AXMINSTER CARPET,

you are lost."

"Villain!" said Berville, "miscreant! murderer! you have but a moment to live "—and cocked the pistol.

"Let go my arm, girl," cried the old man, struggling.

"I have saved your life—I hindered the gun from going off—all I ask you by special license, Lord Berville sent a message to the Countess, that he

A joyous shout from the tenants assembled in the outer court, who became impatient for the appearance of the happy pair, gave evidence of the near approach of the happy moment, and Janet and Lady Alice hurried from the room Lord Berville rang the bell. His servant appeared, being no other than our old

Lord Berville rang the bell. His servant appeared, being no other than our old acquaintance George, now softened by a year's sojourn in a foreign land.

"George," said Lord Berville, "no one in the earth knows your position; from this hour, therefore, you cease to be my servant, and are the steward of my Lincolnshire estate. Your uncle's fate is unknown?"

"His fate is known, my lord, that he died by his own hand in the hut on Barnley Wold; but his crimes are undiscovered."

"Be it so; let them be alluded to between us no more. Your cousin Janet is the happy wife of my friend and chaplain; and I am delighted to show my appreciation of her nobleness and purity, by all the kindness I can bestow on her relations. Go down to Lincolnshire, Mr. Andrews," said his lordship, shaking hands with George, "and when you are installed in the mansion-house, write to me; and now, farewell."

It is difficult to say whose heart was most filled with joy on the eventful day.

write to me; and now, farewell."

It is difficult to say whose heart was most filled with joy on the eventful day.

Lady Matilda, now happily married to Lord Merilands of the Guards, and the lovely Lady Mary Rosley, (shortly to be united to the young Earl of Gallow dale,) were pleased at the happiness of their friends; and certainly no prayer seemed to be more likely to receive its accomplishment than that which was poured forth, amid the ringing of bells and the pealing of cannon, for the health and prosperity of Lord and Lady Berville.

Jack Stuart sat, with his eyes turned up to the ceiling, as if he were listening to the music of the spheres.

"The best novel I have ever read!" he exclaimed; "and now, all I have get to do is to get it copied fairly out, dedicate it to Lord William Lennox or Mr Henry Bulwer. Henry Bulwer, and get my five or six hundred guineas. It is a capital thing to lose on the Derby; for unless I had been drawn for the hundred and fifty, I don't think the dovetail novel would ever have come into my head."

MAGNANIMITY OF MIND IN BRITISH NAVAL . OFFICERS.

OFFICERS.

The mutinies at the Nore, Spithead, and Yarmouth, furnish many instances of magnanimity of mind in the British officers. Take that of Sir Harry Neale, the Captain of the St. Fiorenzo, ordered to prepare for the reception of the Princess of Wertemburgh on board, escaping from the fleet at the Nore when detained by the mutineer-Admiral Parker, under the guns of the Sandwich. He housed his guns, shut his ports, showed no sign of resistance, but conspicuously placed himself on a quarter-deck gun, and conned his frigate with royal colours flying through the fleet with the flag of defiance at their mast-heads. The thanks of the merchants of the city of London were the gratifying reward to himself, his officers, and loval crew.

The thanks of the merchants of the city of London were the gratifying reward to himself, his officers, and loyal crew.

Also that of Admiral Duncan in Yarmouth Roads, with fifteen sail of the line, when the crew of his flag ship, the Venerable, 74, mounted the rigging and gave three cheers, the signal of confederacy to the fleet for "redress of grievances." Six of the ringleaders were secured and brought before the Admiral, who thus magnanimously addressed them. "My lads, I am not, in the smallest degree, apprehensive of any violent measures you may have in contemplation; and though, I assure you, I would much rather acquire your love than incur your fear, I will, with my own hand, put to death the first person who shall presume to display the slightest symptom of rebellious conduct." Turning round immediately to one of the mutineers, "Do you, Sir," said he, "want to take the command of this ship out of my hands?" "Yes, Sir," replied the fool-hardy seaman. The indignant Admiral immediately raised his arm, with an intent to run his sword through the mutineer, but the Chaplain and Secretary staid his arm from executing this summary act of just and imperious necessity at the moment, and in the presence of the mutinous assembly, who, but a few minutes previous, had given from the rigging the public and exciting signal of disaffection. The Admiral sheathed his sword, and firmly called to the crew: "Let those who will stand by me and my officers pass over immediately to the startion. The Admiral sheathed his sword, and firmly called to the crew: "Let those who will stand by me and my officers pass over immediately to the starboard side of the ship, that we may see who are our friends and who are our opponents." Instantly was the starboard side filled, leaving the six instigators of the disorder on the larboard side, who were immediately seized, ironed, and confined in the gun-room, whence they were, one by one, taken to their messberth, the seat of liberation, after having repented of their rashness, and promised to be, in every act, all that was required of British seamen. And well they and the whole fleet redeemed their word and character the October following, in their annihilating victory over the Dutch fleet.

they and the whole fleet redeemed their word and character the October following, in their annihilating victory over the Dutch fleet.

"In May, 1782, a most dangerous conspiracy was formed on board the British vessel of war the Narcissus, of 20 guns, commanded by Captain Edwards, when on her passage to North America. A seaman, by the name of Wood, and fifty others, had agreed to rise in the night, murder all the officers, and after possess in a sinking state and had the worst of characters, convicts on board, to control? We abridge the particulars from the narrative of the miraculous control? We abridge the particulars from the narrative of the miraculous navigation of that ship to the Cape of Good Hope, after she had struck upon the rec.

H.M.S. Guardian, Lieut. Edward Riou, Commander, on the 24th December, 1789, in latitude 41 dgs., south, and longitude 41 dgs., 30 min. east, from and wind and a strong indraft, struck on the under-water part of a monstrous island of ice, from which her boats were watering with its lumps for the supply of the cattle on board. She struck first on the bow, then on the stern

wished to say a few words to Lady Alice, in the library, before the commencement of the ceremony that was to make him the happiest of men. He waited impationly, and me a few minutes the bride appeared, radiant in joy and beauty. She started when she saw seated beside him a beautiful young woman, plainy, but richly dressed. They rose when Lady Alice appeared.

"Dearest Alice," said Berville, "I have told you that there was a person in this neighborhood to whom my gratitude was unbounded, and who, I hope, has now an equal claim on yours, for she is the saviour of my life."

"Idet it be a secret between us three," continued Berville; "but you agree with me, my friend," he said, turning to the stranger, "that there should be no reserve between a man and his wife. I told you, Alice, when we were at Rome, the story of an adventure I had on Barnley Wold, and of the heroic conduct of a young girl. In this lady you see her. She is now the wife of 'beivair of my parish, and I trust will be a friend of both of u."

Lady Alice threw her arms round Janet's neck, and said, "I know it all; we shall be friends; and nothing makes one so happy as to know we shall be so near each orher."

"Ah, madam, you know not how deeply I am indebted to his Lordship's mother for all the ritindees; or how overpaid all my services are by the happiness of this moment."

"Ahd, mony, having made you thus acquainted, I must ask you, my kind friend, to hurry Lady Alice to the great hall, where your husband, Itrust, is waiting to it the indissoluble band."

"And pows shout from the tenants assembled in the outer court, who became impatient for the appearance of the happy pair, gave evidence of the near approach of the happy moment, and Janet and Lady Alice hurried from the room impatient for the appearance of the happy pair, gave evidence of the near approach of the happy moment, and Janet and Lady Alice hurried from the room impatient for the appearance of the happy pair, gave evidence of the near approach of the happy moment, and Janet and Lady Ali

The sense of their disaffection and its consequences—the unreasonableness in their expectation, that the Admiralty would cancel the appointment for their undefined objection—and forgiveness of their offence, were explained to them, if they received their Captain without any further proof of dissatisfaction; and at the same time informed, that any well-founded complaint which they might prefer whilst under his command would be attended to.

prefer whilst under his command would be attended to.

The Menelaus frigate was ready to drop alongside and open fire on the Africaine, and a large party of Marines was embarked, or ready to embark, to board and promptly enforce discipline and obedience; but the crew expressed their readiness to hear Capt. Corbet's commission read. The Admiral and the two Captains then left the ship, but the two latter returned on board with Capt. Corbet; yet when the hands came aft, there was still a cry of "No Corbet." "They were then told that forbearance had been extended to its utmost point—that twenty minutes was given them to reflect on their conduct, at the end of which time a serious example would be made of them if they did not return to their duty. The striking of the ensign was understood to be the significant of the conduct. return to their duty. The striking of the ensign was understood to be the signal agreed on for the Menelaus to bring her broadside to bear on the ship, and the Marines to push off from the shore."

the Marines to push off from the shore."

"Sir George Cockburn with his own hand se ized one of these 'No Corbets,' put him into a barge, and with Capt. Woolley's consent was ordered on board the flag-ship. He then walked forward, and by a firm yet conciliatory address to some of the best seamen, pointing out the irrevocable fate of their shipmate, then being conveyed by the barge to the Salvador, should they persist in their conduct, he induced them to promise, that if Elliot was restored to the ship they would immediately return to their duty. The barge was recalled, the prisoner liberated, the Captain's commission read; and then, for the first time, Corbet addressed the men to the following effect: 'I now command this ship; you perhaps expect I should promise not to use the cats. If you do not do your duty smartly I will flog you well. I suspect you are a set of cowards, afraid of a brave man commanding you. Depend upon it, I will avail myself of the first opportunity of enabling you to vindicate yourselves from this suspicion, by shoving you under the enemy's fire.' The hands were then turned up to unmoor, and on the 24th of June, 1810, we sailed from Plymouth Sound with despatches to the Governor-General of Bengal, which were understood to contain by shoving you under the enemy's fire.' The hands were then turned up to under a do not be 24th of June, 1810, we sailed from Plymouth Sound with despatches to the Governor-General of Bengal, which were understood to contain orders for the immediate equipment of an expedition against Mauritius. And here let me ask, if it did not prove extraordinary nerve, and consciousness of right motive on the part of the Captain, and implicit confidence in him on that of the Admiralty, to sail immediately after such an occurrence for an East India voyage without any other ship in company? Nine days after we sailed, namely, on the 3d of July, a letter was thrown into the quarter-gallery window, the letter of the Captain's life. Up to this time not a single lash had been indicted on board. The hands were turned up at 11 h. a.m. on this day, for the punishment of a foretop-man, who had missed his muster in the top the previous evening, when we were shortening sail. When all were reported present, and the culprit seized-up, Corbet ordered the Marines to fix bayonets. (We had hitherto kept a guard of Marines day and night abait the mizenmast.) Up to this moment no one in the ship suspected that any fresh act of mutiny had appeared. The Captain then read aloud the letter which had been thrown into the quarter-gallery, and then, drawing his sword, exclaimed, 'My life is in danger! who has most cause to be alarmed? you of my sword, of these of my officers, of the bayonets of the Marines, and of the laws of your country, or I of your dastardly threats?' As Master's Mate, my station at punishment was on the main-deck, consequently surrounded by the ship's company, and enabled to he hear all that passed among them, and to watch them ciosely; and never did I witness more unaffected or overwhelming surprise than that exhibited by the men on hearing the letter read. The petty officers simultaneously came forward, and in the name of the ship's company, not only declared their entire ignorance of the letter and its author, but also their pe

specials. Nor soldier was moderned of, and her stem classed single-single-sized production.

The contract minute. There is the contract of the

the most perfect, real, and essential kind, namely, that of manners; it is not so much the selfishness, the injustice, the tyramy, of man or his yoke, which she exerts herself so strenuously to break, but it is rather the selfishness, the restraint, the vanity, and the folly of the female heart; the tyramy of prejudice and conceit, of inherited errors, and of all-powerful habits.—She would raise her sex to a consciousness of their original and unalienable dignity; from a state of the most humiliating and oppressive slavery to a true freedom, and to that unruffled peace of mind which can only be acquired by a sincere humility, by a heartfelt piety, by a zealous struggle for the better qualities, and by preserving truth sacredly on all occasions, and under all circumstances. She instructs, warns, and advises, less by her carnest and forcible moralizing, than by facts, by pictures from life, by the variety of characters, which, in greater or less conflict with the world, she places before our eyes. The fidelity and exactness which are observable in all the figures which she has drawn with so ready and versatile a hand, render her writings the better adapted to be manuals for the instruction of women. * * She has drawn several extraordinary characters with singular vigour and success, but they are finished in so charming, so the most perfect, real, and essential kind, namely, that of manners; it is not so the instruction of women. * She has drawn several extraordinary characters with singular vigour and success, but they are finished in so charming, so lovely, and so human a manner, that the reader, especially the susceptible female reader, will not only be delighted with them, but will derive from their male reader, will not only be delighted with them, but will derive from their study, edification and amusement, encouragement and advice. Among her female characters are some so exquisitely depicted, that many a young or mature man will breathe in his heart the wish, "Would that I could have such a wife!" and many a young maiden or matron, "would that I could be like her!" And to animate this wish into efforts and exertions to imitate these models, and to awaken a holy ambition for that which is alone the true and beautiful in life, is the laudable object; and certainly an object crowned with rich results, of our fiction authoross, who, in the admirable ability with which she has portrayed such rare and noble specimens of our kind, in that point of view which renders them so worthy of imitation, displays not only an enviable talent, but the dignity of her own pure mind.

Abridged from a German Periodical for March, 1843.

SERPENT HUNTING.

Business connected rather with pleasure than profit had kept me roaming for some months among the West India Islands, that land of magnificence and discomfort; and from all that I had heard there, and more particularly from what came under my own observation, I can truly affirm that to Europeans in general it is a land replete with novelty and interest, and to writers both of fiction and truth, a field in which they may reap an abundant harvest of reputation. I at length found myself at Barbadoes, without any fixed resolution either to return or proceed farther on in my wanderings. In such a wavering and unsettled state of mind, a little matter will sometimes turn the scale. I had carried a letter to a gentleman of the island, with whom I formed a most agreeable acquaintance-ship; and in consequence of the description he gave me of the coast of South America I was induced to form the resolution of visiting, at least a part of that country before I should think of bending my course homewards. Being furnished by him with letters to one or two individuals who might be of service to me, I took a passage in a ship bound to Demerara, and after a voyage in no degree remarkable for shortness or novelty, I landed there in safety. I will not stop here to describe all I saw. Suffice it to say, that having viewed all I considered worthy of being noticed, I set off across the country to deliver one of the letters I carried with me to a gentleman from whose attention and knowledge I had been assured I should obtain much information. After a journey of some days I reached the place: and considering that I had been previously an utter stranger, I was received with a degree of warmth and kindness I could scarcely have anticipated. The estate, or rather plantation, on which I had been so kindly invited to take up my residence for some time, and where I had resolved to spend a few weeks in examining the local scenery and curiosities, lay upon the banks of a river that comes down from the mountains of Guiana. Mr. Heinwault (the pr banks of a river that comes down from the mountains of Guiana. Mr. Hemvault (the proprietor) although the superintendence of his estates occupied a great part of his time, contrived to devote no inconsiderable portion of it to my amusement. Accompanied by a couple of servants, and Caesar, a shrewd and active negro who held the post of hunter (a personage not only useful, but even necessary to those who reside on colonial estates distant from any town, as many of the delicacies of the table are furnished by him,) we made frequent excursions up the country, and committed occasionally sad havec among the quadrupeds and feathered tribes with which that region abounds. At other times we manned a couple of canoes, and descending the river, we employed ourselves in fishing excursions, or in taking a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves came within range of our pieces. Those who are acquainted with the general appearance and topography of the northern coast of South America, know well that from the flatness of the country as it approaches the sea, many rivers of considerable magnitude divide themselves into numerous streams or canals, before mingling their waters with those of the ocean. The deltas or islands formed by these streams are sometimes of great extent, consisting, like most of that

modate ourselves to our new position. * She acknowledges and praises and loves God in his mighty works; to these she does homage with devotion and enthusiasm, and she goes to them and converses with them as if she were in a loved and friendly home; but as with a clear eye she sees him in his visible creation, so with listening ear has she also heard his voice and the father word, and in this given herself up solely to his friendship. * * A deep, warm, and true sympathy in the joys and sorrows of others, a clear comprehension of the woes of sighing mankind, an impulse from on high to make the redeemed of Christ conscious that they are redeemed, and can become freer, better, happier, and more contented, beams brightly out from all her writings, and heightens the interest imparted by their delightful entertainment.

And thus, in all her public works as authoress, has Frederika Bremer never thrown aside that tenderness of woman's nature, the want of which, not even the most lofty intellect could supply. She unites female delicacy and purity with masculine vigour, and goes, like a model, far before her sex, the purifying, ennobling, and strengthening of which is the object of her dearest solicitude. Her labours are directed to the emancipation of woman—an emancipation of the was under the necessity of going to a plantation distant about ten miles, and as the way lay partly through the woods and trackless savannahs, he miles, and as the way lay partly through the woods and trackless savannahs, he

which he contrived to hook his fish when not one would look at the bait belonging to another.

One day, about two or three weeks after my arrival, Mr. Heinvault informed me that he was under the necessity of going to a plantation distant about ten miles, and as the way lay partly through the woods and trackless savannahs, he was obliged to take Cæsar with him, he being the only one on the estate who have been a useful and agreeable attendant. He added, that he should be back carly in the afternoon, and that if I wished to take a stroll, or go on the water, any of the rest of his people should be at my disposal. After Mr. H. had rode away, I strolled about the plantation an hour or two, looking at every thing to amuse myself; but getting terribly wearied with doing nothing. I told one of the people to get the lines ready, for it was my intention to go out a-fishing for some time, the day being rather warm and sultry for enjoying a shooting excursion.

These being soon ready, I likewise sent for my gun, and declined the offer he made to attend me, I pushed out into the stream and dropped slowly down the river. The current being very slow, I was a while in reaching the place where theriver branches off into a number of streams. I guided my canoe into one of those in which I had formerly been along with Cesar, and where our sport had been very good. The stream in general was not above eighteen or twenty feet. I "paddled my light canoe" up and down this, trying to get a shot at some of the beautiful birds which often frequent these lagoons. But the birds were scarce and shy. Fatigued with this unsuccessful sport, I set the lines, and paddle ford about some time. I drew them up; but whether they had not been baited as well as Cæsar used to do it, or whether the fish were as shy as the birds, I cannot tell; but after a few trials I got tired of this sport likewise. Thinking I would be more successful elsewhere, I proceeded about a quarter of a mile farther down, and set lines. By this time the day had become exceedingly sultry and oppressive. Seeing there was no prospect of a shot, I took off my stockings and shoes, and bathed my feet in the water, and working my canoe to the other side, I laid my gun ready loaded for a shot up on the benches, and stretched myself a-longside of it, waiting till it was time to draw the lines which I had set. In this position I fell asleep, overcome, as I suppose, by the heat of the day, and the fatigue I had undergone.

I know not how long I may have slept; but I was roused from my slumber has a stretched myself a should be a stream of the state.

suppose, by the heat of the day, and the tatigue I had undergone.

I know not how long I may have slept: but I was roused from my slumber by a curious sensation, as if some animal were licking my foot. In that state of half stupor felt after immediately awaking from sleep, I cast my eyes downward and never till my dying day shall I forget the thrill of horror that passed through my frame on perceiving the neck and head of a monstrous serpent covering my foot with saliva, preparatory, as immediately flashed upon my mind, to commencing the process of swallowing it. I had faced death in many shapes—on the ocean—on the battle-field; but never till that moment had I conceived by endly approach me in a guise so tarrible. For a moment had I conceived to commencing the process of swallowing it. I had faced death in many shapes—on the ocean—on the battle-field; but never till that moment had I conceived he could approach me in a guise so terrible. For a moment and but a moment, I was fascinated. But recollection of my state soon came to my aid, and I quickly withdrew my foot from the monster, which was all the while glaring upon me with its basilisk eyes, and at the same moment I instinctively grasped my gun, which was lying loaded beside me. The reptile, apparently disturbed by my motion (I conceive it had previously, from my mertness, taken me for a dead carcase,) drew its head below the level of the came. I had just sufficient time to raise myself half up, pointing the muzzle of my piece in the direction of the serpent, when its head and neck again appeared moving backwards and forwards, as if in search of the object it had lost. The muzzle of my gun within a yard or two of it; my finger was on the trigger; I fired, and it received the shot in the head. Rearing up part of its body with a horrible hiss, which made my blood run cold—and by its contortions displaying to my sight a great part of its enormous bulk, which had hitherto escaped my notice—it seemed ready to throw itself upon me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the paddies I made the cance shoot up the stream out of his reach. Just as I was escaping, I could observe that the shot had taken effect, for blood was beginning to drop from its head. But the wound appeared rather to have enraged than subdued him. Unfortunately all my shot was expended, otherwise I would most certainly at a respectful distance, have given him a salutation of the same kind as I had just bestowed. All that I have described passed in a much shorter time than I have taken up in recounting it.

As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could invart to the cance. I

As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could impart to the canoe, I ing it.

As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could impart to the cance, I heard those who reside on colonial estates distant from any town, as many of the delicacies of the table are furnished by him,) we made frequent excursions up the country, and committed occasionally sad have a among the quadrupeds and feathered tribes with which that region abounds. At other times we manned a couple of cances, and descending the river, we employed ourselves in fishing excursions, or in taking a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves the among the quadruped as the river, we employed ourselves in fishing excursions, or in taking a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves the among the quadruped ashore, and hurried up to the house where I found Mr. Heinvault, who image coursions, or in taking a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves the among the place before Mr. Heinvaults house. Hastily mooring the cance, I jumped ashore, and hurried up to the house where I found Mr. Heinvault, who image coursions, or in taking a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves the lands of shot he most work with the general appearance and topography of the northern coast of South America, know well that from the flatness of the country as it approaches the sea, many rivers of core mingling their waters with those of the occasion. The deltas or islands formed by these streams are sometimes of great extent, consisting, like most of that country as a sometimes of great extent, consisting, like most of that country affords." I protested that nothing was farther from and cances, or other aquatic plants. In the thick and almost imprivious recesses of these, reptiles of various kinds of fish, which from their delicacy and flavour, amply repay the last of the protested and beautiful plumage, and the waters afford several kinds of fish, which from their delicacy and flavour, amply repay the last of the most variegated and beautiful plumage, and the waters afford several kinds of fish, which from thei

could not have take effect; but what did take effect, seemed to besufficient; for it fell, hissing, and rolling itself into a variety of contortions. Even yet it was dangerous to approach it. But Cæsar who seemed to possess a great deal of coolness and audacity, motioning his master and me not to fire again in the direction of the animal, forced a way through the reeds at one side, and, making a kind of circuit, came in before it; and a few repetitions of this gave us the victory. We could now examine the creature with safety. We found that a good part of our shot had lodged about its head and neck, and would probably have proved fatal to it, even if we had left it to its fate. I confess it was not without a shudder that I handled and examined it, when I thought how nearly I had escaped from furnishing it with a meal.

a shudder that I handled and examined it, when I thought how nearly I had escaped from furnishing it with a meal.

We set ourselves to work, and not without difficulty did we succeed in dragging the huge carease to the edge of the stream, and in embarking it in one of the canoes, to which it formed a pretty fair loading. It was not far from sunset when the expedition landed on the bank near Mr. Heinvault's house. He soon got sufficient assistance in conveying the carease up, and in depositing it in a place of safety. On measuring it, we found it to be nearly forty feet in length, and of proportional thickness. Mr. Heinvault informed me that it was the largest he had seen killed, although he had often seen others under circumstances which convinced him that they must have been of a far greater size.

It was not until I was seated at late dinner, that I felt myself a little overcome with the unusual exertion I had undergone on so sultry and oppressive a day. But as the evening wore on I completely recovered; and never do I recollect spending a more agreeable one. The adventure, however, and the consciousness of my escape, must have been deeply impressed upon my mind; for, during some months after, I often started from my sleep with the cold sweat upon my brow, imagining myself crushed and expiring in the embrace of a horrid reptile.

ANCIENT NINEVEH.

We announced, a short time since, the interesting discoveries lately made, by M. Botta, at Nineveh. A letter has since been received by M. Mohl, which enters more into detail. Other letters may shortly be expected, which we hope to be enabled to lay before our readers. The drawings and descriptions referred to, will appear in the Journal de la Société Assatique.

You are aware that I have for some time caused excavations to be made in the neighbourhood of Nineveh, in the hope of discovering there remains of monuments, or inscriptions, which, by multiplying our means of comparison, may enable us to decipher those cuneiform inscriptions, which, as yet, we are not able to read. We were at work a considerable time in the great mound opposite the site of the present village of Niniouah; but as I found nothing there but bricks, and insignificant fragments, I removed my workmen to the neighbouring village of Khorsabad, and they have already sent several bricks with cuneiform inscriptions. My workmen have, indeed, discovered there the remains of a monument, rendered remarkable by the humber and character of its inscriptions. I send you, to day, a summary description of all that I have been enabled, as yet, to disinter (for the whole is buried beneath the mound;) and I add some hastily executed drawings, together with a copy of several inscriptions. As I was recalled to Mossul on business, I was only able to remain one day at Khorsabad, and several would have been required to copy all that my labourers had disinterred. I shall return when the works are sufficiently advanced to enable me better to understand the whole of the monument, and shall remain a sufficient time to write a complete description. cient time to write a complete description.

The village of Khorsabad, or Khortabad, or Khorstabad (for the name, which

The village of Khorsabad, or Khortabad, or Khorstabad (for the name, which is certainly not Arabian, is pronounced in all these ways.) is distant about five hours of caravan journey to the N.E. of Mossul, on the left bank of the little river called the Khanser. It is built on a mound stretching from west to east; the eastern extremity rises into a cone, which is said to be artificial and modern. This information, however, is doubtful, as my informant has a house at the top of it, and probably fears that my excavations may undermine its foundations. The eastern extremity is forked, and on the northern extremity of the bifurcation it is that my workmen have found the very mutilated remains of which I am about to speak.

Beginning at the top of this wall, my workmen immediately discovered the

of pairs of brawny arms could urge us. In a short time we reached the spot where my adventure had happened. The small part of the bank not covered with reeds, bore from its sanguine hue, evident proof that the wound the animal had received could not have been slight. Exactly opposite this the reeds were crushed and broken, and a sort of passage was formed among them so wide, that a man could with little difficulty enter. Mr. Heinvault commanded a halt, to so that the arms were in proper order. All being right, we listened attentively, in order to hear if there was any noise which might direct us to our enemy. No sound however, was heard. One of the negroes entered first, clearing with his bill-hook whafever obstructed our way. He was followed by Mr. Heinvault and me with our guns; while Cesar and his fellow-servant brought up the rear. The reeds were in general nearly double our height and at the same time pretty close. However, we easily made our way through them, partly assisted by the track which the serpent had evidently made.

We had penetrated, I should suppose, about thirty yards, when the fellow who was in advance gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal. Mr. Heinvault and to the same time pretty close. However, we easily made our way through them, partly assisted by the track which the serpent had evidently made.

We had penetrated, I should suppose, about thirty yards, when the fellow who was in advance gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal. Mr. Heinvault and the same time pretty close, the most of the monster coiled up and part of it stretched out; but owing to their thickness its head was invisible. Disturbed, and apparently irritated by our approach it appeared from its movements, about to turn and assail us. We had our guns ready, and just as we caught a glimpse of its head we fired, both of us almost at the same moment. From the obstruction of the reeds, all our shot could not have take effect; but what did take effect, seemed to besufficient; for it fell, hissing, and rollin

in front with defensive armour: after this figure the wall turns northward, beyond which we have not excavated.

The wall, south of the platform, presents five figures looking eastward; behind them a figure which has lost its head, but which appears to have had wings. The wall then turns northward, presenting a bas-relief which I have copied, representing a man with a sword in his belt, and holding in his hand a long stick, who appears to be pushing before him a woman holding a purse; in front of these is a woman, holding by the arm a naked child, preceded by a third woman, carrying a leather bottle or bag over her shoulders. It appears to me, that all this side represents prisoners made in the expedition pourtrayed on the other side. All these figures are three feet high, and surmounted by cunciform inscriptions, also mutilated.

On the opposite side there are two figures, in different habiliments, one three feet high and complete, the other colossal but mutilated. Southward, on leaving the passage, the wall contains the lower part of four colossal figures, clothed in long robes with fringes delicately sculptured. On the outside of the solid enclosure there are four others more richly dressed.

The platform is paved with flagstones, and on each side is an oblong hollow.

in long robes with fringes delicately sculptured. On the outside of the solid enclosure there are four others more richly dressed.

The platform is paved with flagstones, and on each side is an oblong hollow, four inches deep, semicircular towards the east, square towards the west, of which I cannot divine the use. The passage is paved with one large stone, covered with a cuneiform inscription, of which I subjoin as exact a copy as he numerous fractures in the stone allow of. I shall try to keep all the fragments and join them solidly together. I ought to remark that the characters appear to have been encrusted with copper, if I may judge by some remains, still found. As the monument was evidently incomplete as far as I have described it, I caused a well to be sunk in the direction and a few paces in front of the north wall. I was right: for my workmen discovered at once a wall with two-very remarkable colossal figures 8½ feet high, quite complete, saving some fractures. The first is a bearded figure marching eastward, and carrying, in his hand, a coffer or cage. Before him is a woman with her hair gathered up into a knot behind her head; her robe has straight sleeves ending at the elbow; it fits close to the figure, is largest towards the bottom, and beautifully plaited like the saya of the Spanish ladies. The wrists are adorned with bracelets clasped by two asps' heads, which appear to be biting each other. In one hand she holds a large bation or sceptre, and (what is more remarkable) she wears, in her girdle, a long and large sword with a richly carved handle. These two figures are in good preservation, and I should have drawn them had not my excavation been as yet too narrow to allow of it. The figure of the woman has only three cracks, and as nothing is wanting but the ear, it will be desirable to preserve it. It is, as far as I know, unique. I should observe, that these figures, although they have been so long under-ground, still bear evident marks of

vation been as yet too narrow to allow of it. The figure of the woman has only three cracks, and as nothing is wanting but the ear, it will be desirable to preserve it. It is, as far as I know, unique. I should observe, that these figures, although they have been so long under-ground, still bear evident marks of colouring, both in their robes and hair. The female figure appears to bear the insignia of royalty. I fancied that this was the last figure in this direction, but immediately before her the wall turns at right angles, indicating perhaps the end of the monument, and there we can trace the feet and lower part of the robe of a woman dressed like the one preceding. The upper part is, unfortunately, wanting. The style of these sculptures and the species of vestments resemble those at Persepolis; it seems to me, however, that there is more apirit in the figures and more of anatomical knowledge in the drawing. The muscles of the arms and legs are very well marked, and, in fine, these bas-reliefs bear favourable testimony to the taste and skill of the sculptors.

My description is incomplete, but I shall soon be able to send a more detailed one. I am continuing my excavations, and with the more interest, as I think they are the first which have brought to light monuments of the times when ancient Nineveh was still in its glory. The mound is filled with fragments of sculpture and inscriptions, all of which I have carefully preserved, in the hope of joining them. In this way I have already united some fragments of a colossal statue of a woman richly clothed, with earrings and rings "en kholkhall" on her legs. I have found besides several fragments of sculpture of a black calcarcous flintstone, delicately worked, but as yet nothing complete. A hundred paces from the village I have found a kind of altar (if altar it be) with triangular cippus, surmounted by a round platform. The angles are decorated with a lion's paws, well carved, and the whole has an air so Greek that I should have fancied it of Greek origin, did

tons. The eastern extremity is forked, and on the northern extremity of the bifurcation it is that my workmen have found the very mutilated remains of which I am about to speak.

Beginning at the top of this wall, my workmen immediately discovered the lower portion of two parallel walls, separated by a platform of six metres in width; the extremity of the walls is level with the slope of the mound, which proves that the wall is incomplete on this side; the remains are about two and a half mètres long from west to each then, leaving between them a space of no more than two metres twento each other, leaving between them a space of no more than two metres twento each other, leaving between them a space of no more than two metres twento each other, leaving between them a space of no more than two metres twento each other, leaving between them a space of no more than two metres twento each other, leaving between them a space of no more than two metres twento each other, leaving between them a space of no more than two metres twento each other, leaving between them a space of no more than two metres twento each other, leaving between these apaces. I have been significantly placed there intentionally, for it has been brought from the Tigris, but I know not for what purpose. This is to each other, leaving between these tiles there are layers of earth, and thus found that the wall, after proceeding three métres thirty-two centimètres in that direction from which it set out. This will be better illustrated by the plan.

As the mound rises towards the east, the wall acquires height in that direction from which it set out. This will be better illustrated by the plan.

As the mound rises towards the east, the wall acquires height in that direction from which it set out. This will be better illustrate by the plan.

As the mound rises towards the east, the wall acquires height in that direction from which it set out. This will be better illustrate some historical fact. In demonstrate the plan of the plan of the decomposition

during some

For the Anglo American

"THE WANDERING SOUL;"

OR, A VOICE FROM THE ATTIC TO J. J. "Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings Of that mysterious instrument, the Soul, And play the prelude of our fate."—SPANIE -SPANISH STUDENT

Life is real! life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the Soul.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

It was night! Summer winds blew gently. I was in the open air, the free unclouded sky glittered with gems above my head. I breathed indeed the air of life. Musing on the vast depths of the Creator's power, and asking vainly the nighty winds what am I ! When a low, sweet, plaintive voice, fell upon my ear, so gently, so like the fancied songs of heaven, that my very pulse stood still-life seemed ebbing-my blood ran chill; it was an agony of sweeta strain too purely musical to be of earth. Breathless and awe-struck I listened to these words

> Father, father, let me A guide to frail mortality: Father, father let me glide Softly, to some maiden's side.

To some sinless child of clay, Let me impart one holy ray,
Father, let me guide her flight,
Through the world's short baneful night.

III. She shall own, for she shall see, The holiness that dwells in thee; And her heart by guidance mine, In purity will all be thine.

IV. Weeks I've wandered in the air, Hear then father, hear my praye Help, oh! help this Soul to be, A tenant of m ortality

Like the last rays of the smiling sun, its music lingered over my rapt spirit, till faint and low its dying sigh was blended with the summer breeze—thus passed away the voice of the soul. Mine was fascinated. I could not decamped to could not sleep—the words "Father hear my prayer," forever ring in my ear; my heart beat with new yearnings. I felt—I knew I had a soul, and I trembled, the poor weak clay trembled, as the first consciousness of immortality swept through it-and spoke within. I felt I was under the sway of a mighty master whose hand could guide where it listed. I did not consider it to be like the lone, sad soul wandering in air, sighing and praying to cheer an image of its creathe glimmering lamps of some sunless child of Earth-No! my heart had been too full of guile-I feared the soul's contamina tion, for such things had been. The mirror, reflecting heaven in the heart of man, had become dim, and blackness and sin held now the sway. I was in the bloom of youth, the spring-time of life, the flowers and the weeds had grown up together, for no watchful gardener had separated them-but from this hour I became a man, disburdened of the dust and dirt of the world's selfishness I lived not for self alone, though as yet I had found no one on whom to lavish my better feelings. No one to love-to trust-to let me drink from the purity of her inner being the sweet waters of hallowed sympathy; man seemed harsh and woman cold. Yet I was happy. Ever sighing for communion with that wandering soul, I would return, in the lone, night-fall hours, to the grove of the unseen minstrel. And fancy, with her delusive power, would bring her to my side, and together we would look upon the sky and its ever smiling tenants Oh! there was bliss in this! calm, holy bliss! Where would not imagination lead?-o'er what sunny path would the soul not travel and drink in the music of the spheres? Smiling were all the fields over which we rambled, and green and cool, and shady and pleasant, were the deep groves in which we rested;to Elysian lands were all my visits made, for I had early taught myself to shu the dark, treacherous gulf of the stormy side of life. I have said that the stamp of youth let lingered on my brow, who then can doubt the bliss I found i ravings such as these, weak though they were? They were brief, short lived as the summer flower which they left me. But the memory of the last night I visited that grove will never die. No! it is a green spot on the barren desert visited that grove will never die. No! it is a green spot on the barren desert of life, whereon I lay my aching head yet find no rest. Listen, I would speak of it. Every being counts his own small world, and a few tenants, perhaps unworthy, become the mass; the mighty River of Humanity is rolled into the arms of a dozen or twenty individuals, and we boldly style them—The World. Well, the world had been unkind to me; those who should have folded me to their hearts and shed a kindly sympathetic tear, forsook me; those who should have lent a smile of love to cheer my dawning manhood, bruised me. No look of tenderness met my eyes, my dreams of happiness were blighted, trodden to the earth—the tree that should have waved its parent branches o'er my head withdrew its shadow, and met my look of love with one of scorn. Houseless, homeless, sad and lone, I sought a home on the free earth, made the brooks and the hills, and the trees, my household gods; and the deep vault of heaven my roof. Once more I rested on the spot where the sweet notes of the soul fell upon my ear; but oh! how changed. No more my fancy flew to sylvan bowers. The air was soft and holy in its purity; the heavens were one unclouded sheet of blue, it was the brightest sky I ever gazed upon; but it woke no song of love in my heart—my spirit was wrapped in gloom—my cup of butterness of love in my heart—my spirit was wrapped in gloom—my cup of butterness of love in my heart—my spirit was wrapped in gloom—my cup of butterness of love in my heart—my spirit was wrapped in gloom—my cup of butterness of love in my heart—my spirit was wrapped in gloom—my cup of butterness to the spart. After tugging at the rope for several hours he succeeded in get-me heart and some large and turned him into the yard. After tugging at the rope for several hours he succeeded in get-me heart and some large in the my complete the mass full;—low unearthly wailings, borne on the breeze, echoed within, and some large in the first and the latter tied his arms behind his back with a t

Where now is thy joyous smile! Where now is thy boasted mind, poor Terribly distinct came the knowledge that life was not all a smile; that night I knew there was a dark valley on the earth, where no spring flowers bloom were warmed by the summer sun of purity. I was alone in the shadowy night. my energy was crushed, and all was changed. Night hung on my smile, and its morning of joy had passed away. I raised my eye to Him whose light could cheer, and I breathed a prayer. No sound woke the repose of nature. Silently I prayed, and calm fell upon me. Soft and sweet sleep came o'er me. I dreamed a bright, bright dream; none can know it—no! none save the soul that slumbers not in dreams. That voice again thrilled to my heart; I knew its cadence well, though the plaintive tone had gone, and joy's glad note had succeeded; that song addressed my soul—and thus she sang.

> The stars are out, the night is dark, Brother listen, Brother mark; Thy slumbering pupil heard me sigh To light the soul, in maiden's eye, 11

Yes on one dewy summer's eve.
He heard me Sigh, he heard me grieve
In Sorrow's melancholy tone,
The fate that bade me live alone.

0111 28 He knew the song was not of earth
And foolish fancy, then gave birth
To dreamy bliss, and imaged joy—
Be thine the task, to wake the Boy. IV

Forever present is the strain That fell upon his youthful brain, Night on, Night on, he hears my song, Hear me, Brother, this is wrong. ging the huge carcase to t the causes, to which it for

V.
By our love, our souls attaching,
By our lonely nights of watching,
By our first sweet Zephyr kiss,
I charge thee, bring him happiness.

I left a maiden fair and pure Slumbering on her couch secure,
Brother well I know that she

Now that you my wishes know,
Happy to my home I go.
Longer now I dare not dwell,
In this secluded sylvan dell.

VIII She, for whom, tho' not in vain,
Oft I suffer grief and pain,
Slumbers; and I must away,
To wake her, at the dawn of day.

Again I awoke and gazed around me. All was still. What said that voice!
Walk humbly and fear not, was answered in my heart. I rose up and blessed the Song of the Soul. I bade a last farewell to the grove, and rested with a stranger. Morning dawned; I left my native village and its paintin memories behind. Years have rolled away, but I am not as then. I love, a bright smile plays o'er my heart; I am not alone, friends circle me; the sad soul is found -pleads for me, and I am happy. Another year may pass. It will cheer me still, though the heart speak not clearly. Oh! how vain are earthly longings, how weak is man when not strengthened in goodness. Adieu! when the year has gone out we will speak again

SHOCKING PARENTAL BRUTALITY.

On Saturday week, Geo. Wheatley, a remarkably fine and intelligent boy, between nine and ten years of age, was placed at the bar of the Worship-street police-office, before Mr. Broughton, charged by his father, Richard Wheatley, a carpenter, residing in Charles-street, Hackney-road, with robbing him of a file. This case excited great interest, and exhibited one of the most astonishing systems of punishment practised by a parent on his own child we ever remember to have heard of.

Policeman K, 361, stated, that on the previous night, about half-past, eleven o'clock, he was called to by a man who had hold of the prisoner by the arm, and who stated that his father wished to give him in custody for robbing him. He went to the father's house, and inquired of him if such were the case, when he replied in the affirmative, and charged him with stealing a file. He, therefore, k him to the station-h

boy told him that he was going to Chelses, and asked him to go with him; he consented to do so, and it being late when he got back, and being afraid his factor would be the him to the got back, and being afraid his factor would be the him to be the would be the him to be got being and asked him to go to be the him to be the same way and driving a large had into the bed post, fastened firm to it by a chain secured round his sandes with a large round and being afraid his factor of him till his savelence was again wanted, but on no account to give him to first the same way and the him to be the same way and made his ankle so swollen and sore he could acarcely stand on his feet. His father fetched him in, and chained him up in the same way again for a fortupint. He was they set free, and remained as thory for several days; but the street door being open one afternoon; he went out to play in the street, when his father fetched him in, and chained him up in the same way again for a fortupint. He was they set free, and remained as for some in the street, when his father fetched him in, and chained him to go with him to Chelses. The him to be the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same way again for a fortupint. He was they set free, and the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same way again for a fortupint. He was they set free, and remained to the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same was the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same was the same way again for a fortupint in a well of the same was the same way again for a fortupint in a well a mouth. He had had small quantities of meat three times during them into his mouth. He had had small quantities of meat three times during the three weeks. His sister at last get some of the nails up for him, and brought him the file he was charged with stealing, with which he filed himself free from one of the chains and got loose. The holes of the nails he was fastened to are now to be seen in the boards. His father came home when he got loose, and gave him in charge to a policeman. If he had succeeded in getting out, he would have thrown the chain and file into the pond near the house, run away, and slept in the carts all night. He said he could read and write a little; he had only had two pieces of bread the size of his hand to eat the day before, and nothing to eat up to the time of his examination on Saturday.

Mr. Broughton ordered the how's lor to be examined and Grove, the gasler.

Mr. Broughton ordered the boy's leg to be examined, and Grove, the gaoler, took off his little sock and exhibited his leg to the magistrate; the lower part was very much inflamed and swollen, and the ankle appeared to be twisted, as if it had been driven out of its place by the pressure and weight of the chain and padlock. Its exhibition drew forth the execration of all who saw it. One of the chains and padlock were produced by a constable; the former was an iron chain such as a Newfoundland dog would be secured with? and the latter just such a padlock as would be placed on the outer gates of timber yards and such like places.

policeman stated that he had frequently seen the boy running about the ckney-road with the chain on his leg.

Mr. Broughton reprimanded him for not mentioning that circumstance before; it was his duty, when he saw such an exhibition, to have interfered and given The policeman

information of it.

The policeman said he had mentioned it to a brother officer, but not knowing anything of the cruelty that had been practised on the child, he did not feel warranted in interfering.

The father partially admitted acting in the manner alleged by the child, but said he did not think he had chained him up more than twenty times. The boy was an idle boy, and he thought the punishment he had inflicted would improve him, and keep him in doors. The boy's story was exaggerated, as he had said he began to punish him six months ago, and he (the father) was sure it was not more than three months since he first used the chains and padlock. He had sent the boy to school since his mother's death occasionally, but he cared for nothing but playing in the streets with other boys. He repeated his statement about the child taking his tools.

The boy was questioned by the magistrate and officers with respect to this

the rest retire back into the darkest antiquity. They were cultivated at a time when your ancestors were roaming over the morasses of the now beautiful, free, and merry England—(cheers)—when our ancestors were roaming painted savages through the land. Aye, and when the Romans and Greeks were living on beech nuts and acorns—(Hear, hear.) It seems, in fact, that, in reference to the progress of agriculture, mankind has followed that curious law which Mr. Owen alluded to at the council dinner yesterday—the law that governs the ruminating animals in the tropics. He pointed out to us most beautifully that the ruminating animals there have a large fat lump between the shoulders. This is nourished and grows in the first five months of the year, when there is plenty of food, and they get along with the hump as well as they can through the soven succeeding months of scarcity. So it seems with mankind with respect to agricultural discoveries. In the very infancy of the race, they get this large fat hump between the shoulders; and for 3,000 years they lived upon little or nothing else.—(Cheers and laughter.) The very plough that we read of in Virgil we may now see in use in the south of Europe. We see it still in the hands of the peasantry as we discover it in bas-relief on the sculptured remains of antiquity. It is a most pleasing fact, that this revival of the great art of agriculture in these latter days of the world is the work of the Anglo-Saxon race of which you have spoken. It has been left to you, and if you will permit me to say to us, living as we do in this ungenial climate, beneath these weeping skies (the rain was at this moment descending in torrents, and the observation was loudly checred), it has been left to us to do that which not Italy nor Greece has been able to do with all their sunny climate. Yes, and it is the want of those tropical luxuries, those enervating breezes of the south, that has given you, that, that gives us, that hardihood, that perseverance, thut industry, that resolution, that are wor you will permit me, for my country to join—

"Man is the nobler growth our soil supplies,
And souls are ripened in our northern skies."

Mr. Everett, at the Royal Agricultural Meeting.

PUSEYISM.

PUSEYISM.

The intense and universal interest now felt in the subject of Puseyism, will ensure an eager perusal of a brief statement of the circumstances under which it originated, and the position it now occupies. In the year 1833 the Rev. Dr. Rose, of King's College, the Rev. Mr. Percival, Dr. Pusey, and two or three other clergymen, met in the house of the first-named reverend gentleman, when talking over the progress of Dissent, and the unpopularity and even practical neglect into which high church principles had fallen of late years, they came to a resolution to form themselves into a society, though without any formal organisation, to use their utmost efforts to revive and bring into practical recognition the class of principles to which we have referred. The celebrated

heart. They look upon religion as mainly consisting in the observance of forms and ceremonies. They maintain that the bread and wine in the sacrament are converted, when consecrated by the clergy, into the actual flesh and blood of Christ, and that the sacrament constitutes a kind of continuation of the atonement of Christ on the cross. It is for maintaining these two latter points, in the Cathedral of Oxford three weeks ago, that Dr. Pusey has been convicted of Popish heresy by a board of divines, and sentenced by the Vice-Chancellor to two year's probation from preaching within the precincts of the University. The board of divines, six in number, separated without coming to a formal decision; but they afterwards severally gave in their decision, and were unanimous in their condemnation of the sermon, as advocating heresy.

Dr. Pusey has entered his protest against the decision of the board and the sentence of the Vice-Chancellor, on the ground that he was not heard in his defence, and that the objectionable parts of his sermon were not specified. A requisition, signed by about sixty members of convocation, and bachelors of civil law, has been forwarded to the Vice-Chancellor, requesting him to point out the objectionable parts in Dr. Pusey's sermon. The Vice-Chancellor has refused to comply with their request, though, before passing sentence, he furnished Dr. Pusey privately with the grounds on which he condemned his sermon. The sermon, it is understood, will be published in a few days, and will, doubtless, excite interest.

Pusevism has made extraordinary progress in the church within the last three

mon, it is understood, will be published in a few days, and will, doubtless, excite interest.

Puseyism has made extraordinary progress in the church within the last three years. It is calculated that out of 12,000 clergy in England and Wales, 9,000 or three-fourths of the whole, are deeply tainted with it. In Scotland, again, the whole of the episcopal clergy, with the exception of three or four, are decided Puseyites. In Ireland, also, heresy is making alarming progress. It is calculated that the majority of the bench of Bishops are more or less deeply tinged with it. Those of the prelates who most openly advocate Puseyite principles are the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Oxford. Among the churches and chapels in London in which Puseyite practices prevail to the greatest extent, will be found Shoreditch church and Margaret-street chapel, Oxford-street. In the latter it would be difficult to perceive any difference between the form of worship and that observed in a Roman Catholic church. In many of the Puseyite churches and chapels daily worship has been established, and in all of them, we believe, the sacrament is administered weekly. We understand it is likely the subject will be soon brought before Parliament, and the question to be determined will be, whether a Protestant country ought to be called on to pay from £6,000,000 to £7,000,000 a-year to the Established clergy for inculcating Popish principles, and observing Popish practices, in their places of worship, in entire disregard of the solemn engagements they came under at their ordination, to maintain the Protestant religion of the land.

London paper.

foreign Summarp.

A provincial paper says, "Ireland never yet displayed the filling of a more splendid or a larger wheat crop than the present season is fast preparing for the sickle."

£31,000,000.

A project is talked of, for a passage by the Elde to the mouth of the Elbe, at Domitz, by which vessels might go from the sea to the Baltic, without passing the Sound.

Userul. Hints.—Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapour.

The model of the aeriel steam-ship has proved its capability of flying around the large room of the Royal Adelaide Gallery. Those who have an interest in the machine really seem to be in earnest in their intention to bring it into practical use. It is set down as a demonstration, that, as a model of some 12lb. weight can be made to fly about 90 feet in doors, a machine, similarly constructed, and 3,000lb. weight cannot fail to travel from 30 to 100 miles per hour over every part of the face of the earth.

part of the face of the earth.

Macready embarks in the autumn for New York; and it is expected that he will remain in the United States until the commencement of the ensuing summer. Until he takes his departure, we understand that he means to endeavour to recruit his health by a total abstinence from professional labour. The sum that he has sunk at Drury Lane Theatre is something beyond £8,000; but the greater part was expended at the outset of his undertaking, in January, 1842. He has left all the appointments of the theatre in the best state, scenery, machinery, and wardrobes, so that any person who may follow him will have occasion to lay out a very small sum. When he entered the house, the whole of the appurtenances were valued to him at between £800 and £900. Now they are worth five or six times that sum.

THE HUNGERFORD SUSPENSION BRIDGE .- Our remarks on this pile, or rather

taken up a deserter. He declared his name to be Antonio Alivers, a native of Aosta, in Piedmont, and that he had received his discharge, with a pension of 200f. a year, from being subject to frequent fits of mental alienation. The authorities left him temporarily in prison. There he remained until the allied troops entered Coblentz, in 1814, when an order was given to send him and others to a depôt of French prisoners. This he strongly protested against, declaring that he was not a French prisoner, but an Italian discharged from the service. In the course of the next year, his father and uncle arrived, and obtained his liberation, and took him with them on their way home. At a little distance from Coblentz, he suddenly quitted them, and returned to the prison, requesting permission to be allowed to resume his former quarters. This was allowed, with full liberty granted him to go out when he pleased. Notwithstanding this permission, he never left his cell for 28 years, and during that period never asked for light or fire, no matter how severe might be the cold. He spent his time in making hair rings, ivory thimbles, box paper-cutters, and other little objects, which he sold to strangers who came to see him. He was 71 years old at his death; and, having never cut his beard, which was very long, and of exceeding whiteness, and being of lofty stature, he had a most venerable appearance. He died worth 1,100 thalers (about 4,000f.) which he had saved during his imprisonment. ble appearance. He died wo saved during his imprisonment.

ART-UNIONS.—The following statement of the amount realized by the three principal art-unions in the empire, during the first three years of their existence, will surprise those who deem Ireland unable to subscribe liberally for any thing but the repeal rent:—London, first year, £489; second year, £757; third year, £1,296; total for three years, £2,542. Scotland, first year, £728; second, £1,270; third year, £2,072; total, £4,070. Ireland, first year, £1,235; second, £2,330; third, £3,903; total, £7,468.

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THE ANGLO AMERI

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1843.

We rejoice to perceive by recent English papers that a strong feeling of abhorrence has arisen, and is still rising, against that mistaken and mischievous code of honour by which individuals arrogate to themselves the right to redress what passion, prejudice, or pride, too often considers a wrong, or which, if really such, they have no authority to take into their own hands. The evils of Ducl-It is said that in England and Wales the value of household furniture is £130,000,000; wearing apparel, £16,000,000; and of plate, jewels, &c., Nearly one million persons have passed through the Thames Tunnel since it was opened on the 25th of March. fear, fear of the ridicule or animadversion of man, whilst it unhesitatingly braves cannot help wondering how it should have continued from the days of its barbarous origin, increasing in strength as those who practise it increase in refinement. What is a still greater anomaly, it is practised in a greater degree by those who are concerned with the legislature which every where declares its il-Mr. Templeton, the vocalist, has been in treaty with Mr. Simpson, the manager of the Park Theatre, New York, for an engagement. His terms are £50 per week, four benefits, his passage paid there and back, and an engagement of forty weeks secured to him.

Lister Markett times to us, as if mankind were governed by the spirit of rebellion at once against common sense, the laws of the land, and the commands of the land, and wickedness? Is it for redress "White thread gloves," says the Leicester Mercury, "may be bought in Creator himself. And whence is this folly and wickedness? Is it for redress this town at a penny per pair!" The Danish papers mention, that the collection of pictures and marbles belonging to Thorwaldsen has been opened to the public at Copenhagen. It is rumoured that the whole collection is to be presented to the city after the sculptor's death. out of his hand without an actual expression of doubt as to either His will or His power. Besides, how does the revengeful man know that he will succeed in attaining the wished-for revenge ! How often is injury added to injury through the successful arms of the original wrong-doer? Nay more, in the heat of resentful feelings may it not happen,—has it not often happened—that the challenging party is to blame, or that the fancied offence is of so trivial and ridiculous a nature that cooler reflection would have made the parties ashamed of the transaction altogether ! But the cartel has been presented, manly bearing (!) requires that there shall be no withdrawal even on conviction of error; th has been no shame in the committal of a fault, but there must be infamy in its acknowledgment, and thus one, perhaps two, persons are hurried into the pre. sence of their Maker

" With all their imperfections on their heads,"

when, perhaps, both would gladly have arranged matters upon the basis of common sense, if they had not been afraid of the pitiful opinion of wrong-headed society.

We are the more solicitous to press this subject upon our readers, because the United States have reached to an immense, though unenviable, notoriety thereon. France was always remarkable for the thin-skinned quickness of her people with regard to this mistaken code of honour; but Frenchmen were al-The Hungerford Suspension Bridge.—Our remarks on this pile, or rather series of piles, have had the effect of causing the lay-on of an extra man, and it is now a positive fact that the structure is several feet out of that mud which the parties concerned appeared at first to be sticking in. On the Middlesex side there is a structure which looks like a turnpike, four or five stories high; and we understand that there is already a resident director, who, by putting his legs on a stool at high-water, is able to manage throughout the day without getting his feet wet. On applying the other day, we were told he was "busy with the board," and when we looked through the apertures we saw him eating his dinner, which is the only board he has yet been busy with.

A Veteran Prisoner.—There has just died, at Coblentz, in the prison called the Convent of the Carmelites, a man known by the name of "the old Frenchman with the white beard," confined there 32 years, of which 28 were voluntary. In 1811, a soldier of the 20th Regiment of French Dragoons was disactored asleep, with his head on his knapsack, in the forest of Coblentz, and advantage therein in the preparations for the deadly encounter! Is not this nour can have nothing to urge in defence of such conduct

flicting to innocent families, so subversive of all law and good citizenship, so his present labours are those in which he experiences vicissitudes,—to-day in the directly offensive to Him who says "Thou shalt not kill!" Would it were possible to load with odium and disgrace-without which, we fear, other means will different writers to many different causes; by some, to the workings of the be useless—all who practise or uphold it! Public opinion should rise up against it; degradation and loss of caste should be its immediate and permanent conothers, to the gold of France and the intriguing of Queen Christina; and again, sequences; the fear of earthly position should be held over the heads of those by others, to the Republican spirit which has crept into the midst of the Spanish who regard not divine censure and command; INFAMY, infamy alone can cure a population, forming a heterogeneous mixture with their habits of submission to disease so deeply-rooted, and we would call on all who have a regard to good arbitrary monarchy. It is probable that all these contribute to produce the morals and true religion to combine to put down this social curse and disgrace chaos of which Spain is at present made up, and we opine that, such is their

tion in England for repressing the evil of duelling, is the death-perhaps the thing like permanent tranquillity. Spain is in a kind of effervescence, some cru murder-of Col. Fawcett; the details of which are of course well known. London journal makes the following forcible and spirited appeal on the occasion, with which we shall for the present conclude

with which we shall for the present conclude.

"But why was this act of blood committed? Nobody knows. What has it remedied? Nobody can tell. There has been some rumour of some words between the antagonists on some money transaction. Has a bullet the faculty of clearing up the account? has it made the wronging party the right? has it cleared the character of any one? Not in the least. It has only showed that one of the parties could kill the other; and for this purpose a soul is sent naked before God, in the very act of defying his commands. Why should such things be in any country? Why should they be tolerated for a moment in a country whose proudest boast is that it holds the faith of the Scriptures in its purity? If paganism was never guilty of this atrocious stain—if the bravest people of the ancient world, the romantic Greek and the daring Roman, never dreamed of it, as either a stimulant or a sign of national courage—if it originated only in that dark and bloody superstition which, making religion the sanction of every vice, insulted the justice of Heaven, by annexing its judgment to the chances of the sword, until the monk and the hired champion settled the price of life together, and the trade of the assassin grew out of the absominations of both is it not time for Christian England to raise her voice against this direct insult together, and the trade of the assassin grew out of the abbinnations of bound is it not time for Christian England to raise her voice against this direct insult to all justice and all humanity? Why does not the church come forward to denounce the crime? Where are our bishops? Why do they not command their elergy to preach against it? Where are the gatherers of public meetings on a hundred purposes not a hundredth part so important? Where is the Association of which we have heard so much? and why are not the authorities of the church called upon to protect in the most soleron and decisive manner against a custom called upon to protest in the most solemn and decisive manner against a custom which is a crying evil in the sight of God and man? Why, we ask, are not our bishops forward in the extinction of this sport of blood and misery?"

The English journalists are very busy just now, respecting the Repeal ques m and the condition of the ministry. There are few who praise the forbear tion and the condition of the ministry. ance of hostilities which seems to be the policy of Sir Robert Peel, and the many are indignant that he does not immediately, with a strong force, put down the "Rebellion." There is no rebellion! There is a strong demonstration and, as we have before said, we believe a dishonest one on the part of its leader of a desire for change in the administration of the Irish government; but the demonstration, though noisy, is as yet peaceable; and although it is necessary to watch it narrowly, the government have no right to oppose it physically. The Agitator thus far has played his cards well, and keeps within the verge of the law; how long he will be able to do so, from the pressure of circumstances, can be ascertained, but he will at least strenuously endeavour to be the last in striking. We think Sir Robert Peel sees this, and that being conscious of the necessity of excitement on the part of the Repealers, he believes that old devices will become stale, and that O'Connell will either lose his present giddy height, or be obliged to ascend still higher and lose his balance.

As for the rumour that the Premier has an idea of abandoning the helm of Government at this difficult crisis, it is ridiculous to think of it. Change his course he may,-Sir Robert has done that sort of thing before, but he would not risk his political character by such pusillanimity. His colleagues-aye some of the wisest among them-are eager for coercion, and we are as much plea as surprised that he steadily resists their importunities. From the time that he took office he was aware that Ireland would be the chief difficulty of his administration, it is fair therefore to suppose that he has given the subject deep and careful attention. We sincerely like all that we have yet seen of his conduct in that particular, and have confident trust that he will bring the matter to a satisfactory conclusion. His health however may sink, through his labours, and we earnestly hope he may be physically able to bear up, to the end.

Among the incendiary writings, tending to hurry England into domestic hos tilities, there is an imaginary conversation between the Premier and the late Wm. Pitt, in which the latter is made to say that "all attempts to break off the union are high treason." This is a foul and wilful misrepresentation. Any Brougham found occasion to speak, and it is remarkable how pertinacion. man or any body of men have the right to take peaceable steps to effect alterations in the laws and forms of government of their own country, which may be thought either injurious or defective, and, as an abstract question, it was as much high treason to effect the Union as to dissolve it. The good policy is the The writer of the imaginary conversation alluded towhich is in the London Britannia of the 8th July-goes the length of making his hero say that he indicted Hardy, Thelwall, and others for high treason, sixty years ago, merely through his determination to put down their exertions, although he knew

a murderous purpose ! Undoubtedly it is ; and even the mistaken code of ho- north of Spain are shewing symptoms of disaffection ; and this too to the only native Spaniard who during the last half century has exhibited talents for go Would to heaven that we could hear of an association, on this side of the vernment and desire for order and tranquillity. We trust that his military re-Atlantic, having the purpose to put down a system so barbarous in itself, so afmoral, social, and political condition, that nothing short of a general convulsion, The particular act which has occasioned the attempt to establish an associa-A notions of liberty have found their way into the mass of benighted ignorance into which she has so long been plunged, and, like a little leaven in a large quantity of dough, it is fermenting wheresoever it is spread. Let the skilful workman look to it, and all may go well;—neglect it, and the batch may be spoiled for

> Republicanism is a quality fit only for communities whose souls are free, and who have been reared under free institutions; and it is as dangerous a principle, applied to Spain as it is, as civil liberty would be to negroes who do not even understand the term much more its essence. In the expanding and enlarging circles made on the surface of water when a plunge has been made, the enlarged the radius the more attenuated is the line of circumference. It is thus with the republicanism of France commencing in 1789, the circles made by that plunge were broken in a northern direction by the rocks of the free governments and vigorous administrations, but in the south the ripples flowed larging their space but diminishing their energies, until they disturbed without removing the defective systems of Spain, Portugal, and Italy. Internal vigor however has assisted in part and gradually, and the whole will be put in order sooner or later.

> There is a class of politicians who are disposed to scout a project whilst it is either in embryo or unexecuted, but who are among the foremost to laud and magnify it when brought to a fortunate conclusion. Among such are those whose virtuous indignation was raised against the attacks upon the unoffending Ameers of Scinde, and who could nevertheless insult the Beloochees by the reflection that they must retire from their pleasant places near the banks of the Indus, and put up with the miseries and privations of sections farther West, beause their betters must be served before them. There is no doubt that the war in Scinde requires a little of the gloss of Expediency in order to justify it in the eyes of mankind; and, if it be viewed as a political move the expediency is manifest enough. The advantage, the comfort, the improvement of millions is intimately connected with the free navigation of the Indus; the resolution that this river should be opened throughout its whole navigable extent grew out of the conclusion of the Affghan war, and the necessities of Western India, and as proofs have been both numerous and manifest that the people bordering west of the Indus are incapable of good faith, unwilling to improve, and pred tory, restless, and violent, it is evidently for the good of all nations to restrain the freebooters within proper bounds, as well as to open new and valuable marts for commerce, opportunities for science, scenes for benevolent purposes, and fields for the dissemination of religion, to the people of every civilized country

> We are aware that this is somewhat like advocating the doctrine of doing evil for the hope of good ;-a detestable maxim with which we are far from e curring. We are only pursuing the reflection which we lately made, that it is in the very nature of things for mind to triumph over matter. The civilized nust and will obtain dominion over the savage, and, however moralists may declaim, and abstract reason argue, to this conclusion they must come at last. The same moral necessity—or political expediency, if the term be more app -which drives the Red Man to the West of the Mississippi, compels the Beloochee to retire from the plains of the Indus. We can almost imagine that we see the finger of Providence in the matter, and view it, together with the affairs of China, as the commencement of a grand development in the plans of human advancement, and the progress towards the consummation of earthly things. Scinde will be subjugated and secured, and from hence may be dated the establishment of tranquillity in India, so far at least as so large a dominion cen by good Government, be retained in tranquillity.

In the course of the debate on the Marquis of Clanricarde's motion res ing the dismissal of Irish magistrates, to which we alluded last week, Lord captious and ill-natured nobleman adheres to his dislikes, and seizes opp ties to give them utterance. It is well known that he and Sir Edward Sugden were so greatly at variance, that when the former became Lord Chancellor the latter used civilly to "beard him" even on the bench. It may well be supposed that Lord Brougham treasured up these griefs, with the full determination that they should be returned; and the following remarks of his lordship, which in the main are worthy of record, shew that Sir Edward Sugden is by him "freshly remembered."

that they were not guilty of the crime, and would be acquitted. Strange notions, these, of justice and government! They cannot tell greatly in our day in favour of ultra-tory policy and good faith.

The position of the Regent of Spain, Espartero, is at present a very difficult one. Not only the provinces on the Mediterranean coast, which were never remarkable for peaceful deportment or loyalty of disposition, but also those in the

The Anglo American.

2821

The Act of the New York Legislature to incorporate the "Washington while it will commemorate through all times the greatness and the virtues of the distinguished Son of America, -the boast and pride of human nature be likewise an ornament to this city, a choice specimen of the state of the Arts at the present day, and a practically useful erection. This grand monument. which will embrace Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, will be in form of a Pentagon, and the material of the structure will be of Granite—every way appropriate, being native and lasting—the building will contain a Picture Gallery, a Library, Public Hall, and other appropriate apartments; it will be highly orthe world, being upwards of four hundred feet in elevation above the surface of to Paris was to undergo a lithotomic operation. the ground. The character of the architecture will be of the florid gothic, giv-

taste, liberality, and patriotism.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

posed by Mr. Wright of the St. George Club.

CRICKET .- The Cricket Match between eleven of the Garrison and Staff and eleven members of the Kingston Club on Friday the 28th ult., came off accordingly-and terminated in favor of the Garrison players, with 21 runs in their The weather was most propitious-and a presence of a few of the fair sex and a large concourse of spectators gave additional life to the animated

scene the very fine Band of the 23d Fusileers attended on the occasion.

The Return Match was played Tuesday, the 1st of August, and terminated in favor of the Kingston Club, with three wickets to go down.

The Drama.

NIBLD'S GARDEN.—The termination of the French engagement enables the active proprietor of this charming place to bring forward his English Vaudeville company; and well selected it certainly is, being a vast improvement upon that which played a few nights at the beginning of the season; the performances also consist of the genuine one-act vaudeville, so generally full of action and incident and so replete with wit and smartness. This company is under the direction of Mr. John Sefton, so well known in the ranks of light comedy, and who takes parts himself in the performances. Mrs. Hunt is also engaged; she was deservedly admired whilst leading in female characters at the Park Theatre. Besides these are Mr. Davenport, an actor whom our Philadelphia friends st idolize on account of his good representations of "walking gentlemen," and Mr. Vaché, who is highly spoken of as an actor. Miss Reynolds a great favourite, is likewise one of this establishment, the whole forming a very sufficient strength. But besides these, the excellent band which was so greatly admired during the French operas is retained, and contribute their full share to the elegant amusements of this garden. The Vaudevilles are only performed twice in each week, the remaining four nights of each being occupied by the wonderful Ravels.

CHATHAM THEATRE. - The performances of the Elssler Brothers at this hou ire the theme of all praise, on account of their agility, strength, and grace. Their performances being brought into dramatic plot adds interest to the amuse ment, as giving a unity and plan which keeps up attention where short and disarts would be likely to weary. They draw greatly, as indeed might be ed .- Mr. Walcott also is engaged here at present.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.-We are glad to perceive the note of pre on for resuming the ever fresh and delightful entertainments for which this theatrical establishment is so celebrated. The brushing up, cleaning, and painting seems to say "we shall soon be ready for you,"-and each passer-by seems to reply "the sooner the better."

Alusic and Musical Intelligence.

It is a melancholy reflection that no man can rise to a high pitch of eminence without calling up a set of moshroom enemies, whose delight is either to lessen or entirely to deny his merits, and who find a miserable satisfaction in the idea that they annoy him. A set of miscreants
"Who hate the excellence they cannot reach,"

are attacking Professor Taylor of Gresham College, London, a man who has

The financial portion of the agitation was well worthy of consideration, for it was difficult to know or surmise what might become of the enormous sums of money collected. It might all be expended in advertisements, agency, &c., or in paying off the debts of the "body," though debts it had none, but no account was given of the mode in which those sums were expended, and little confidence could be placed in magistrates who became parties to an agitation of which this formed so suspicious a characteristic. The noble lord also expressed his sympathy for the present position of the Orangemen of Ireland, whose conduct had been exemplary, refraining from all demonstrations, and remaining perdect had been exemplary, refraining from all demonstrations, and remaining perdect had been exemplary, refraining from all demonstrations, and remaining perdect had been exemplary, refraining from all demonstrations and remaining perdect had been exemplary. They institute that him but an accomplishment. Miserable, grovelling envy. They institute that him but an accomplishment. him but an accomplishment. Miserable, grovelling envy. They insinuate that only the professors of the Old School lean to him. Can they pay him a greater professional compliment? The old professors judge from experience, whilst the young pronounce from passion and prejudice. The elegant, lucid, and eloquent Monument Association," has been well and promptly followed up by the members of the Corporation; a magnificent design has been formed, one which es of and elsewhere, and those who cannot "go and do likewise" can at least en-will deavour to level downwards, though they are unable to ascend.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 30th June, 1843.

namented within and without, and the building will be perhaps the highest in been said of late that his health has suffered, and that the object of his journey

Not having anything to communicate to you worth the trouble of doing so, ing an air of grandeur, and solemnity befitting the subject. The expense of I shall neither speak of our Musical publications nor of our Parisian Theatres. this grand structure is to be defrayed by voluntary subscriptions of the citizens, but shall forward you a resume of what is said in the German papers concerntowards which those of one dollar and upwards will be received.

We have often thought that the great State of New York was somewhat tardy in giving public expression of Reverence for the deeds and memory of rapidly-composing Italian master. The libretto of this opera is borrowed from ngton, and are glad to see that noble amends are now about to be made a French drama of M. Lockroy, the title of which is "Un Duel sous Richefor the delays. This public monument, therefore, will be at once a proof of lieu," and is almost a literal translation of the French piece, with a few triffing modifications necessary for the purposes of the musician. The best judges speak to the following effect with regard to the music; "Maria de Rohan" is, beyond contradiction, the best scored music of Donizetti, particularly for the The third Single Wicket Match of the Series which we have had occasion to instrumental department. The overture, of no ordinary dimensions, is really a notice, will take place on Thursday next, at Camden, Mr. Ticknor will be opmated, vigorously written, attractive, and of irresistible effect. The first act consists of an introductory chores, which is short and of little importance, followed by a delicious romance, a cavatina intermixed with choruses, a bass air and another beautiful morccau. The bass air is not perhaps very original but the cavatina is in the most brilliant and beautiful style. The second act contains a charming romance, a sp endid duet for tenor and bass, and another for soprano and tenor. These three pieces are written in the ordinary manner of nizetti, with delicacy and taste of a high order. But it is in the third act that the composer has exercised an inspiration, a talent, a dramatic force which had never before been known in him. There are not words to express the magical effect of this act. Considered scientifically, it is treated admirably and as to its melody, it is of the greatest beauty. On all sides, upon hearing the three principal scenes of the last act, the applauses were almost of a frantic nature, for it is impossible to imagine anything more nobly beautiful, or more attractive.

> You will perceive that this was no ordinary success. It only remains to add that the principal characters were sustained by Madame Tadolini, and Messrs. Ronconi and Guasco.

I have now to communicate to you a piece of news which will be grievous to the dilettanti of your city, and which you will be the first to announce to them according to all probability. Learn then that Thalberg, Sigismond Thalberg, the prince of Pianists, is at present very seriously ill at Vienna, and that his sickness is so great just now that his physicians have advised him to give up his purpose of visiting America. I know in New York a young French pianist whom this news will afflict; if I learn that Thalberg, recovered, returned to life, should decide to preceed to the United States, I shall take care to advise you of it immediately.

PHILIARMONIC CONCERTS.—The season was wound up with great spirit on Monday evening, by the appearance of M. Spohr as a conductor and performer. In the former capacity he presided over his imaginative Symphony, "The Power of Sound," and his Overture to "Der Alchymist:" he played, too, one of his Concertinos for the violin: an andante, followed by a polacca, the last a graceful and characteristic movement, but like all its master's compositions, so richly instrumented, as to make a neat and delicate performance of the whole unusually difficult. It might be partly this, to be felt in the lumbering inexacteress of the orchestra—which hampered the solo player, and gave him even at certain moments the appearance of nervousness; still, after all due allowance; we are compelled to admit, that our guest is but a mortal; subject to Time, who revenges himself for adding to the artist's experience, by impairing his mechanical powers. For purity of taste, and exquisite measurement of time, M. Spohr's performance is still admirable, and should be long remembered by our rising violinists, if such there be:—we regret that he has not led any of his chamber-music in public. As a conductor, his command of his forces remains without a drawback, as all felt who remembered former Philharmonic essays at the Symphony in question. He absolutely brought the players to a pianissimo, hitherto as fabulous a thing among them as the Unicorn: thus imparting to the first allegro an exquisite and fanciful delicacy, without which one half of its import is lost. In the second movement of three subjects—to wit, cradle song, dance, and serenade—the orchestra had been drilled into such a certainty, as to go through its complicated task steadily, but without stiffness, and the effect was found so charming as to win an excore. The martial scene, too, was magnificently played: the episodical portion of it with such a sensitive developement of the composer's varieties of instrumentation, as in part (no wholly) to reconcile us to the excessive reiteratio

short, the decided superiority of such a performance as Monday's should at once destroy the confidence of the Philharmonic band in its own unassisted powers and stimulate our conductors to a strictness which many of them are too apt regard as absurd.

ANCIENT MUSIC.—M. Fetis has just made some discoveries at Brussels, which are interesting in respect to the history of music. The best is a manuscript which was placed in the Royal Library among the books of plain-chant. It contains masses and motetts by celebrated composers of the close of the 14th and the beginning of the 15th century. The most important pieces in the vol-

Three masses, for three voices, by Guillume Dufay; two masses, for four voices, by the same; one mass Omnipotens Pater, for three voices, by a hitherto unknown composer, named Jean Plourmel; the mass Deus Creator omnium, by an English composer, named Riquardt [Richard] Cockz.

by an English composer, named Riquardi [Richard] Cocks.

All these masters wrote from about 1390 to 1420. Then come the motett Orbis terrarum, for four voices, by Busnois; a magnificat for three voices; the celebrated chant, Noel, Noel, for four voices; a mother magnificat for four voices; the motett Ad canam Agm providi, for three voices; Anima mea liquefacto est, for three voices, a mass for three voices (sine nomine); another mass (pour quelque peine), for three voices. All these are by Busnois. The volume concludes with a mass, Are Regina, for there voices, by Le Roy, commonly called regis. These highly interesting compositions fill up a considerable hiatus in the history of the art.

The other discovery, though less important, is worthy of notice: it is a beautiful manuscript, 28 inches high and 19 broad, on very fine vellum, most admirably written, with arabesques, among which is seen the portrait of the foot of Mary of Burgundy. This volume was in the archives of the kingdom; but several leaves are wanting, and the miniatures and illuminations have been cut out. M. Fetis found entire—I. An admirable composition by Josquim de Près, for six voices, Ad fugam in diatexsaron super totum missam, different from that

Mary of Burgundy. This volume was in the and illuminations have been cut several leaves are wanting, and the miniatures and illuminations have been cut out. M. Fetis found entire—1. An admirable composition by Josquim de Près, for six voices, Ad fugam in diatessaron super totum missam, different from that which has been published in the third book of masses by the same author, by Petrucei of Fossembrone. 2, The mass De Assumptione Beata Maria Virginis, by Henry Izaak, chief musician to the Emperor Maximilian I., about 1430, who has been hitherto known only by name. 3. The mass Sancta Crace, for four voices, by Pierre de la Rue, maitre de chapelle at Antwerp towards the end of the 14th century. This is found in another MS. of the Royal Library at Bruscols.

Literary Notices.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE. Parts XI. and XII. New York: Harpers This sterling and classical work has just reached the completion of its third volume. Sixteen parts will conclude the work. The last chapter of the twelfth part is peculiarly interesting, being the result of the ill-starred expedition of Napoleon to Moscow. The disastrous retreat of the French army, in which no fewer than four hundred and fifty thousand persons perished, is told in a graphic manner, and accompanied with remarks and reflections, which reflect credit

on the author both as a historian and as a philosopher.

Change for American Notes. By an American Lady. New York Harpers.-In the course of our reading we do not remember to have ever met with a work more evidently "made to order" than this brochure;—and written by an American Lady too. We do not hesitate to say that it is neither written in the month of by a Lady nor by an American, but by a Hack Writer about town, who would have put forth the same quantity of treason or blasphemy-for a "considera-There are not five lines denoting a feminine writer in the whole work there are scenes described and expressions used which could never have some within the "ken" of a female, of respectable position, and there are matters commented on and conclusions enunciated at which a life-time would be short enough to arrive. Its object is plain, its execution is shallow, and yet its aim will be fully answered-it will sell.

BRANDE'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Part XI. New York: Harpers This is the last part but one of this truly invaluable work; it will probably be concluded in a fortnight from this time, when it will form altogether two hand some 8vo. volumes. The English edition costs at least 14 or 15 dollars.

McCulloch's Gazetteer. No. II. Harpers .- The number of excellent and cheap works put forth by this spirited brotherhood, will hereafter cause the present time to be considered a literary epoch. This Gazetteer is published at on fifth of the original cost of the work, and its value as a reference is inestimable

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR JULY, 1843 .- Mr. Mason, of 102 Broad way, with his usual promptitude, has issued his reprint of this capital Periodical; the contents of which are more than usually interesting.

THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE for August, 1843 .- The contents of th excellent standard periodical are generally of a high order, but we must except to the "Mens conscia recti," which was an old Ludgate Hill (London) joke when we were very young, and that is "long time ago."

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW for August, 1843.—We are sincerely admirers of the talent and tact evinced by the Editor of this Periodical, and therefore we regret to perceive the nature of the arguments in his first article for the present month. He is a decided repealer, but we must do him the justice to say that he argues coolly and decorously.

WORKS OF CORNELIUS MATTHEWS. Part V. Published at "The Sun Office.-This neat and uniform edition is proceeding regularly and, we trust, prosperously.

*4° Wm. Thompson, Esq., of Washington City, D. C., is appointed Agent for the Anglo American, for Washington, Alexandria, and Georgetown. D. C.

* .* Mr. H. S. Cartee is appointed Agent for the Anglo American, for Provi dence, R. I.

dence, R. I.

Gov. Wickliffe.—The Hon. C. A. Wickliffe arrived in Washington to-day y the 11 o'clock cars. We are gratified to be able to state that he is entirely bree of pain, and rapidly recovering from the effects of his wound. He was accompanied by Messrs. Graham and Gordon, postmasters of the city of New Madisonian.

American Summary.

THE RECENT STORM .- We continue to receive accounts of disasters from every quarter. The loss of life has been very great, and that of property almost beyond conception. In Delaware county alone, the loss is estimated at half a million of dollars. Mr. Crozier the owner of the stone cotton factory Chester, which was entirely destroyed and swept away, has sustained a loss of at least \$100,000, and several others in the immediate neighbourhood have suffered to the amount of four, six, eight and ten thousand dollars. No less than

at least \$100,000, and several others in the immediate neighbourhood have suffered to the amount of four, six, eight and ten thousand dollars. No less than 56 bridges have been swept away in Del. co. and a large number of buildings. In and about Philadelphia, the damage appears to be much greater than we supposed when our article of Monday was written, the greater part of the injury being caused by the tornado, the track of which can be traced from its entrance into the south western part of the city, to the north western suburbs, where it appears to have become expanded, and lost much of its force.

The storm appears to have extended over the entire state of New Jersey. At Newark the rain poured down in torrents, flooding the streets and over-flowing many of the basements and cellars. To make the matter worse, the Morris Canal, pressed with the accumulation of water which was pouring into it from all sides gave way at the lock above the Inclined Plane, and discharged its waters into the short level below. This of course was filled to the brim, and soon found vent through the south bank, and thence through the small valley into Market street, cutting a deep gully in the street as it washed through the city. There are no less than six breaks in the Canal between Newark and Patterson. In and about Newark the damage is estimated at \$90,000—cornfields are prostrated, bridges washed a way, and roads rendered almost impassable.

ble.

The ravages of this dreadful storm are every where visible, all parts of the adjacent country were visited by it; and our highways, railroads, and canals have suffered severely, but great as is the public and private loss, the loss of life is still more appalling. As far as heard from, nine lives were lost within the limits of the city, seven at Darby, twenty-two in the neighbourhood of Chester, and we hear rumours of a number of others between Chester and Wilmington.

Pennsylvanian.

The Fugitive Slave Case.—The negro, whose case we recred to yesterday, was after the decision on Tuesday, Princeton, ironed and put in a wagon to be taken off. He, however, jumped out and some attempt was made to rescue him, which was unsuccessful. In the fracas that ensued, some of the students at Princeton College from the South took part, and dirks and knives were drawn. The matter was finally settled by the purchase of the freedom of the negro. A lady advanced \$500 to buy his freedom, and other citizens of Princeton agreed to pay the master the balance of his demand, which was about \$100. The negro agreed to serve the lady five years, at the rate of \$100 a year, in consideration of the \$500 she advanced for him.

Philadelphia Gazette.

Island discovered in the Pacific.—The U. S. aloop of war Boston, brings intelligence that Capt. George E. Netcher, of the whaling barque Isabella, of Fair Haven, reported at Tahiti, April 12, the discovery of a beautiful fertile island, extending about 40 miles from Northeast to Southwest. He named it "Eadie's Island," after the man who first discovered it—not being laid down in the charts. This island is situated in south latitude 11.05, west longitude so of the charts.

The Hon. J. Q. Adams has consented to deliver an address on occasion of the tying of the the corner stone of the new Observatory, at the city of Cincinnati, the month of November next.

M ADAME BINSSE'S DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL. No 40 Beach Street, opposite St. John's Park.—Mrs. Binase respectfully informs the Parents and Guardians of her Pupils that her School will recommence as usual on the 15th of September. She avails herself of the present opportunity to correct an erroneous impression which she understands has been circulated of her intending to retire; so tar from this being the case, Mrs. B. has secured the valuable assistance of several new Professors of established reputation, and she is now ready to receive applications for either day or boarding scholars. As she takes but a limited number of the latter, those Parents who wish to place their children under her charge will please signify their intention as soon as possible.

Mrs. B. has also much pleasure in announcing to her ficiends and the public that the Lectures of Mons. Gustave Chouquet on general literature and French Literature in particular can be attended separately by such young ladies as do not wish to pursue the other studies. This notice is applicable also to English Elecution and Reading, and to the Course of Lectures on Botany.

Sandersons' Franklin Gouse,
CHESTNUT STREET,
Between Third and Fourth Streets, North Side.
PHILADELPHIA. [July 15-3m*

Information Wanted of John Henderson, from Waterford, Ireland, and lately residing in Toronto, which he left in May last. Any information respecting him will be gratefully acknowledged by his wife, Celia, now residing at Mr. Kingsmills, Toronto. July 8.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Aliey, (between Ann and Beekman-streets,) New York.

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May 27-3m*

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May 13.

MARY MAY.

I pine me for your gentle smile,
My lovely Mary May,
And the hot tears flow fast the while,
For you dear Mary May.

A pretty maiden fair and free And in your school-girl pride; Ye shared your desk sae willingly When I sat by your side.

I loved ye then, sweet Mary May, As dear as I do now, And oft I've watched the tresses play Upon your open brow

And now, as then, the tide of life
Will mantle on my cheek,
For 'mid my ills, my woes, and strife
'Those memories oft will speak.

Yet whispers Hope, dear Mary May, You may return to me, And may we meet some pleasant time Beneath that play-ground tree.

Poughkcepsie.

J. J. C.

barieties.

THE EXTREME OF POLITENESS.—On the 3d inst. (says a Brussels paper) as the vicar of the Contich was walking on the high road near Lachenee, he was accosted by a thief, who ordered him imperiously to hand over all he had about him. The priest had nothing but a silver snuff-box, which he at once delivered up. The thief eagerly seized on it, took a pinch, and as he made off sneezed heartily. "Dieu cous benisse?" cried the vicar.

Cobbett on Duelling.—Cobbett, when challenged to fight, recommended the challenger to draw a Cobbett in chalk upon a door, and if he succeeded in hitting it to send him instant word, in order that he might have an opportunity of acknowledging that had the true Cobbett been there, he in all probability, would have been hit too. But hit or no hit, the bullets could have no effect whatever, he maintained, on the original cause of quarrel.

To Extinguish a Fire.—Dr. Clamy says, that a solution of five ounces of muriate of aminonis, in one gallon of water, will instantly extinguish a large

How to Live in the Recollection of Posterity.—The philosopher Anaximander effectually provided for his not being forgotten, when, being asked by the magistrates at Lampsacum, where he had resided, what they should do honour his memory, he made the seemingly small and simple request that the boys might have leave to play on the anniversary of his death.

Priestley's Lectures on History.

An Insane Merting.—At a vestry meeting held at Wakefield last week, for the purpose of passing the constable's accounts, a scene of confusion took place, which ended in Mr. G. Craven moving a resolution, "That this meeting is not in a sufficiently sound state of mind to entertain so important a question as that embraced by my resolution." This resolution was put to a show of hands, and carried almost unanimously. The chairman said that it was time they all went home, as they had voted themselves insane. The meeting then broke up.

Absurdity of Duelling.—A person ignorant of the origin and history of

Ansurpry or Dulling.—A person ignorant of the origin and history of the modern duel would be at considerable loss to analyze its nature and elements. If he were to conceive that a mere spirit of revenge dictated the practice, he would find cases where an adversary, having met his antagonist in the field, shook hands with, took his ground, exposed himself to a mortal fire, and sinally discharged his own pistol into the air; revenge thus taking the whimsical course of receiving, not imposing, and infliction. If it were then supposed that the duel might merely be an invention to enable two men to display their that the duel might merely be an invention to enable two men to display their physical courage and contempt of death, a mistake would be found in this view also; for not unfrequently, where two individuals are prepared to go all length as principals, their seconds or friends, into whose hands they have put their case, will permit no farther procedure, on the ground that, by the code of duelling, no infringement of honour has, after all, taken place. If the inquirer persisted in his investigation, and endeavoured to ascertain in what the gentlemanlike satisfaction of duelling consisted, he would perhaps be surprised to find that a man, having sustained an injury, possesses by duel practice the further advantage of a chance of having a final end put to all his earthly cares and annoyances.

A Breuen or mur Oto Tone Sir N L'Estrange relates that Ben Jonson

Anti-Duel. by John Punlop.

Anti-Duel by John Punlop.

A BISHOP OF THE OLD TIME.—Sir N L'Estrange relates that Ben Jonson was once at a tavern, when Bishop Corbet (but not then a bishop) came into the next room. Ben called for a quart of raw wine [sack], and, giving it to the tapster, said, "Sirrah, carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sack-rifice my service to him." The tasper did so. "Friend," said Dr. Corbet, "I thank him for his love; but prithee tell him from me he is mistaken, for sack-rifices are always burnt." This anecdote, illustrative of the bishop's love of good liquor in general, and burnt sack in particular, is confirmed by Aubrey, who adds, "His champlain, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingenious man; and they loved one another. The bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine cellar, and he and his chaplain would go, and lock themselves in and be merry. First the bishop would lay down his episcopal hat, saying, "There lies the doctor;" then putting off his gown. "There lies the bishop." Then it was, "Here's to thee, Corbet," and "Here's to thee, Lushington."

The JONAH MOUSE.—An Angling Anecdore.—"The Tay trout," says

and ingenious man; and they loved one another. The bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine cellar, and he and his chaplain would go, and lock themselves in and be merry. First the bishop would lay down his episcopal hat, saying, "There lies the doctor;" then putting off his gown. "There he bishop." Then it was, "Here's to thee, Corbet," and "Here's to thee, Lushington."

The Joanh Mouse.—An Angling Arguerand. It is a large and yellow fish with a great mouth, and feeds chiefly on salmon spawn, moles, mee, frogs, dec. A curious circumstance once happened to me at Pulney Loch; one of which was leaning against my house close to the loch, and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout look the mouse down which was leaning against my house close to the loch, and put a fly on. A the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. A the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. A the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. A the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. A the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. A the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. A the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. A the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout look and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout look in the wall before I could catch it."

A schoolwaster, in a town in Herefordshire, not having sufficient employment as a pedagogue, engaged to collect a lamp or lighting rate. His success was not such as the parish

An American, describing the prevalence of duelling, summed up with, "They ren fight with daggers in a room pitch dark." "Is it possible?" was the rey. "Possible, sir!" returned the Yankee, "why, I have seen them."

A patient having been recommended by his physician to drink the Sutton (Spa) water, was asked, on the next visit, "how he found himself." "Why, doctor," said he, "I can't say that I feel much better, although I have followed your advice, but it is so black." "Black," said the physician, "why, what have you been taking?" "Exactly what you ordered me, soot-and-water, for my wife raked it down the chimney and mixed it."

my wife raked it down the chimney and mixed it."

Classical Translation.—A joke is told of a former corporation of Peebles, that being, like all true Caledonians, anxious to be thought correct in their Latinity, they took upon themselves to examine, in their own elegant persons, candidates for the vacant situation of schoolmaster of the borough. A raw Scotch lad, of the name of Anderson, from Glasgow, presented himself as a candidate. The head of the corporation handed to him a copy of Horace, and requested him to translate the Ode to Mæcenas—commencing "Mæcenas, atavis edite regibus," when the following seene occurred:—Provost: Now, sir, you may go on. Candidate: "Atavis—our ancestors."—Bailie: Good. Candidate: "Edite—ate." Bailie: Good again; go on. Candidate: "Regibus—kings. Cenas—to their suppers."—Bailie (licking his lips): Very correct; but what do you make of "Møc!" Candidate: "Oh, I had forgot—regibus—kings. Cenas to their suppers. Mæ—and would me, too, if they had gotten me."—The worthy provost and bailie were so much pleased with the correctness of the translation, and the young gentleman's qualifications in Latinity, that they declared it to be needless to proceed further in the examination, and at once preferred the candidate. ferred the candidate.

A Leading Article for an Irish Journal.—At a moment like the present, when the distant thunder of the political firmament is rumbling before us, and a deficiency in the national accounts is staring us in the face behind; when agitation seems a settled thing, and progress is going more backward every day—when, looking in a straight line, difficulties meet us at every turn, it is time to take up the pen of the politician to assert that words are viterly in vain to meet the retreating prosperity of this almost rumed land. To begin at once with the beginning, let us ask to what end is all this? Echo answers Where! If we are to go on much longer without moving, and remain as we are, we shalf be in a very different position from that which we now are, though happily we are in such a wretched state, that if we come to the worst it will assuredly be the best for us. The pitiable condition of the government is not to be deplored. The ministers are utterly lost, and we found them just as we expected. We have all along said our party owed them nothing, and we are therefore happy of the opportunity of paying them off. The quicksand of repeal is the rock they will split upon, and they will be swallowed up in the deep abyss of their own shallow principles. O'Connell is the last man to be first in any illegal act, and his exhortations to the people to be calm, cannot but excite his fellow-countrymen to pursue peaceably the troubled path that with his own tongue he has chalked out for them. We wait the result most certainly with doubt, but while reflecting on the future we look forward to a repetition of the past, and fear that we shall hereafter be desirous for the present.

Definition of an Alliegator.—Vesterday at the Greenwich Police-count.

Punch.

Definition of an Alligator.—Yesterday at the Greenwich Police-court, in the course of a trifling case, one of the witnesses on being asked what he was, replied "An alligator." Mr. Jeremy.—"An alligator! Why, what on earth do you mean—what do you do!" Witness.—"Why, I work under the earth and in the water." Mr. Jeremy.—"Bo you really mean to say you are amphibious! I suppose you mean to say you are a navigator!" Witness—"No, P' m an alligator." [Laughter.] Mr. Finch—"Perhaps, Sir, he means an excavator." Witness—"Yes, that's it; I'm an ex-vacate-or [laughter], except just now, for I looks out at night over some works by the water-side, to see if I can catch any people on them." Mr. Jeremy.—Well, that is certainly something more like the labour of an alligator." The witness subsequently said he saw some mon jump on the monkey. Mr. Jeremy.—"Good gracious me! one would think you had been brought up in a menagerie. Pray what is your definition of a monkey!" "Why a barge wots covered over." The worthy magistrate told the alligator he might go and lock after his monkey, which he did, apparently glad at his escape

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